

NEW MASSES

JULY -

1926

25
CENTS



1926

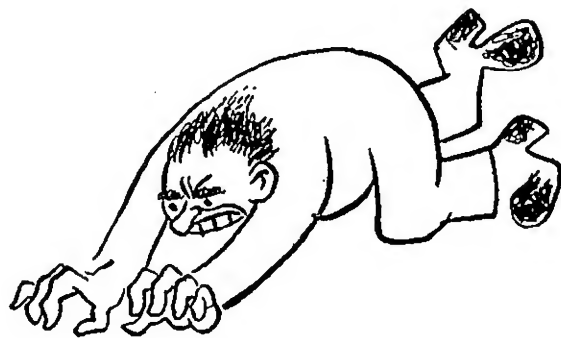
SUMMER VACATION SUBSCRIPTION

¶ News dealers in small towns are usually very much behind the times. No doubt many of them will never have heard of the NEW MASSES. You might find it difficult to buy your summer issues of the NEW MASSES where you spend the hot months.

¶ That you should go the whole summer without seeing the magazine is out of the question. So we are offering, for July and August only, a six months' "get-acquainted" subscription for ONE DOLLAR. Send us a dollar bill today, so that you will have the magazine to brighten your play days.

¶ Better yet —

¶ Make it TWO DOLLARS and you'll get the magazine for a whole year. Use the subscription blank. After you have written your name and address on the subscription blank, add the names of two friends who might be interested in the NEW MASSES. We will send them free sample copies of this issue. Please tell those two friends what you are doing so they'll expect the magazine and look for it.



RIP THIS OFF AND MAIL

NEW MASSES,
39 West Eighth Street, New York.

Enclosed find { \$2.00 } for a { year's } subscription to the
 { \$1.00 } { 6 months' }

NEW MASSES:

Name.....

Address.....

Please send sample copies to:

1. Name.....

Address.....

2. Name.....

Address.....

HELP OUR NEWS STAND DISTRIBUTION !

The NEW MASSES sells wherever it is distributed. Our June issue sold out all over New York the first day it was placed on sale. Dealers re-ordered. This time we were able to supply the demand as we had doubled our print order. Altogether, the June issue sold twice as many copies as the May issue, and our distributors tell us this is just a starter.

BUT——

News stand dealers won't stock the NEW MASSES unless they know about it. The only way they get to know about it is by having people ask for it. *Here's where you can help.*

After you have secured your copy of this issue, stop at every stand on the way home and ask the news dealer if he carries it. If not, why not? If he has it tucked under the counter, get him to put it out where people can see it. Tell him people are interested in the NEW MASSES—it's the truth. Tell him some of the facts just cited about our steadily increasing sales. If you find a news stand distributor whose sales of the magazine have been good, pass the news along to the next one who hasn't yet ordered. If he's a good business man he will want to carry it.

IF YOU DON'T WANT
TO TEAR THE COVER,
SEND US THE MONEY
AND THE NAMES—
LEAVE IT TO US—WE'LL
KNOW WHAT TO DO.

CENSORED!

ON April 30, the NEW MASSES received word from the New York postmaster that no more copies of the May number of the magazine could be put in the mail because it had been declared unmailable. This was the answer to our application for second class mailing privilege filed on April 12, when the first copies of our May number came from the presses. Inquiry at the New York postoffice revealed only the fact that these instructions had come from Washington and that further information in the matter must be sought there.

A member of our staff went to Washington and was told by the Post Office Department that the first number, the May issue, had been declared unmailable because it came under Section 211 which bars lewd and obscene matter.

The portions of the issue adjudged by the Post Office Department to be obscene were a single brief poem, the general tone of one story and passages in several other articles and stories.

Our representative was cordially received by the post office officials, who evinced no disposition whatever to attribute any deliberate pornographic intent to the publication of the passages questioned.

Because the NEW MASSES, although primarily a magazine of arts and letters, does express radical economic views, arousing the opposition of organizations and societies such as the National Security League and the Women Builders of America, the magazine undergoes intensive scrutiny. We do not believe that if the verse or prose in question had appeared in any magazine with a more conventional economic point of view—or none at all—it would have met with censorship.

The post-office authorities are, as we see them, hard-working officials, somewhat harassed and bewildered in the exercise of a somewhat ambiguous responsibility. But we too have a responsibility which is briefly this: to print not the most innocuous manuscripts and pictures which are submitted to us, but *the best*; to refrain from disgusting our best contributors by making editorial changes dictated by the fear of censorship; to keep faith with our readers who would be the first to resent any attempt to imitate the policy of hypocrisy and innuendo which enables dozens of magazines to commercialize actual salaciousness without imperiling their mailing privilege.

That game is not worth the candle. In the first place, plenty of others are playing it. In the second place, we don't know how. That, we feel, is our chief distinction. We shall endeavor to keep that distinction.

The May issue, which was barred by the Post Office after it had been mailed third class to our subscribers, sold out on the newsstands within a few days after its appearance. *The decision of the department now makes it impossible for us to mail any further copies of the May issue.* The June issue went through the mails third class. It has not been declared unmailable. This, the July issue will be reviewed by the Post Office department in connection with renewed application for second class mailing privileges.



DRAWING BY SANDY CALDER

SO THIS IS MIAMI!!

NEW MASSES

VOLUME 1

JULY, 1926

NUMBER 3

Single copy, 25 cents

Subscription \$2.00 a year in United States and Colonies, Canada and Mexico. Foreign \$2.50.

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Drawing—by Stuart Davis	Back Cover

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Published monthly by NEW MASSES, Inc. Office of Publication, 39 West Eighth Street, New York: Michael Gold, President; Egmont Arens, Vice-President; Ruth Stout, Secretary; James Rorty, Treasurer.

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Subscribers are notified that no change of address can be effected in less than a month.

Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped and addressed return envelope.

IN THIS ISSUE

THE WRITERS

Ivan Beede is one of the young American writers brought out by Ford Maddox Ford's *Transatlantic Review* in Paris. He is now in New York.

Lola Ridge, author of *The Ghetto* and other books of verse, is well-known to readers of the old *MASSES*.

McAlister Coleman is a well-known labor journalist now doing publicity for the Passaic strikers.

Joseph Vogel, formerly a railroad laborer, is now a senior at Hamilton College.

Howard Brubaker, columnist of the old *MASSES*, is also well-known as a fiction writer.

Esther Fradkin is a seamstress and a student at the Workers' School.

Clarina Michelson has been active in the radical movement for years. She is at present secretary of the Emergency Committee for Strikers Relief.

MacKnight Black is shortly to publish a book of poems with decorations by Louis Lozowick.

Waldo Frank's latest book, *Virgin Spain* is reviewed in this number.

Charles W. Wood's association with Bishop Brown is one of the religious experiences not chronicled in the present article. His new book will be published in the Fall by the John Day Company.

Whit Burnett is a former San Francisco journalist now living in Paris.

Lillian Symes, who at eighteen was secretary of the Socialist Party of California, is now a free lance journalist in New York.

Leon Srabian Herald's first book of verse, *This Waking Hour* was published last Fall by Thomas Seltzer.

Colonel Charles Erskine Scott Wood, veteran Indian fighter, corporation lawyer, poet, and one of the best known radicals on the Pacific Coast, is now living on his ranch at Los Gatos, California.

THE ARTISTS

Sandy Calder has been drawing for the *Police Gazette* and other pink sheets. Here for the first time his drawings are reproduced on white paper.

Leonard Scheer is a seventeen-year-old student at the Stelton School, whose work is reproduced here for the first time.

Bessie Cushman, a former student of John Sloan, has exhibited at the Independent salon.

Louis Ribak is a young painter of the modern school.

Peggy Bacon is a young artist whose satiric etchings have already attracted wide attention. Some of her most amusing drawings, with verses by the artist, have been collected and published in a limited edition under the title *Funerealities* privately printed by the Aldergate Press, Edgewater, N. J.

Rose Pastor Stokes, well known in radical circles, has exhibited at the Independent Artists' Exhibition. The NEW MASSES is the first magazine to publish her drawings.



DRAWING BY SANDY CALDER

SO THIS IS MIAMI!

NEW MASSES



DRAWING BY BOARDMAN ROBINSON

A PENNY FOR THEIR THOUGHTS

BRITANNIA RULES—THE GENERAL STRIKE'S CALLED OFF. POUND STERLING'S ABOVE PAR—
BUT THE MINERS ARE STILL ON STRIKE FOR A LIVING WAGE.

CHAPMAN'S HANGING

By IVAN BEEDE

A HOTEL lobby on a Connecticut Sunday afternoon. There is a fateful excitement in the air, which struggles with the usual sabbatical stupor, and loses. One feels the same dull oppression which precedes a storm.

Lawyers and newspapermen have just returned from the prison. The newspapermen loll on lounges, looking about them through half-closed eyes. Most of them had a rough night, and are suffering from hang-overs. There is a fat man who shakes all over when he walks, like the lady in the side-show, and kneads together like a mass of dough when he sits down. This is a man of mystery. The newspapermen know it and watch him while seeming not to. One of them sits nearby to catch the words which come portentously from his lips, in a stage whisper. He casts meaningful glances about him, and jingles some coins in his pasty hand. He is huge, amorphous, but substantial. One feels like leaning on him and his words.

Two Hartford belles swing down the lobby. They take a look at him and giggle. He shifts the burden of his weight and lifts his noble head. They do not understand, these simple country girls. Who knows, he may be the man who will save Chapman's life. More likely he is a traveling salesman from New Haven, arranging a party for the evening. What does it matter? In half an hour he'll be forgotten. No more man of mystery.

A fair curly-haired Jew is standing over there like St. Paul among the Corinthians. He is one of Chapman's counsel. His slouch hat is pushed back on his bulbous forehead, and a soiled cigar hangs from his lips. He answers questions with an air of cheerful sadness.

There is no news. The fish-face here with the pince-nez knows it. He is a New York "journalist" and is telling the world. Chapman's chief counsel is in Brooklyn, and won't be back until late tonight. Anyway, what can he do? He is bringing witnesses for the last hearing tomorrow before the Board of Pardons. What the hell, they will not be allowed to testify.

Well, well, the dean of Hartford scribes is entering. He waves his hand to the assembled brothers and calls the New York men by their first names. He leans close to hear the words addressed to him and looks down at the floor judiciously. When he speaks he straightens, business-like, and makes assertive gestures. You would think he had the inside dope. He has. He knows where to get the booze.

County Limerick or County Clare? County Clare. Mr. Puddentame.

Hartford is a nice town, a live town. Manufacturing, isn't it, or insurance? Nice babies walking down the street, but nobody has time or knows how. Jeez, this is a wide open

town. Lots of booze and nowhere to go. The elevator girl said she got through at eleven. Where does she go from here?

There is another one that's not so bad. And the rye is eight dollars a quart. Not so good.

They call this the mezzanine floor. It smells like a Sunday afternoon. It tastes that way. Hotels are all alike. The same bellhops, and imitation marble, the same strayed sheep. If Harry doesn't come pretty soon I'll call up Bill. Do they know a man is going to die?

with an honest New England face. He is father-in-law of the proprietor of the inn where Chapman is supposed to have dined. He wants to testify that the man with Shean that night was not Chapman. But they won't hear him, they won't hear anybody. "This is not a time to hear new evidence."

If you don't want evidence, what do you want?

"Then I request the presence of the prisoner, so that he can make a public statement."

Governor Trumbull is looking at him, his lips are moving.

weren't listening and didn't care. They have the power of his life in their hands. He ought to weaken or falter.

Say you are innocent, if you are, and if you aren't, play up to them, anyway. These men are human. Show them you are all right. Let them be good Connecticut citizens tempering justice with mercy. Smile. Bow. Say "If you please" and "Thank you." Wring your hands. Get down on your knees. Say you are sorry. You are wise, you can play the game. You are wiser than these men, but don't let them think so. For Christ sake don't let them see you know it. . . .

He is talking. It is a colorless, wandering voice, a prison voice. Listen. He's not pleading. He's not begging for his life. He's giving them a bellyful. It's not a plea, it's a post-mortem statement, and it's a beauty. Oh, it's a beauty. A man throwing his life away for words, marvelous, ironic words.

"They say I've never protested my innocence. Well, all this time I've been in solitary confinement, and I don't imagine my voice could carry very far. I protested my innocence to my counsel from the first. Such things as this have given me a prison sense of humor. There's another thing appealing to my distorted sense of humor. Mr. Alcorn over there argues that I entered a plea of not guilty at Hartford, thus coming under the jurisdiction of Connecticut. The plea was entered for me by Mr. Alcorn, and I submitted to the jurisdiction because of handcuffs and other little necessities. I wouldn't stoop to Mr. Alcorn's tactics. Abuse and general recrimination. They may be ethical to his mind, possibly legal to yours, but if you want to know what I think, I think they're pretty rotten."

Alcorn takes it all in without flickering an eyelash. Why? Because it's true and he knows it, or because he is content to see the man hang himself? But the assistant prosecutor rises and objects. The objection is sustained. "This is no time for personalities."

It isn't a time to hear new evidence, it isn't a time for personalities. What is it time for? For the prisoner to fall down on the floor, perhaps? To abase himself before the majesty of the law. You want him not only to say he's innocent, but say he's sorry. If he's innocent, why should he be sorry, and if he's guilty, why should you want to hear him beg?

Listen:

"I thought at least I had an equity in abuse. You probably don't know the abuse to which I have been subjected. I have been called a murderer time and time again. I didn't appear here for mercy. I have done nothing for which I need ask mercy. I thought you might go deeper into the facts. That is the only possibility I expected or hoped for in this petition. If you will consider it in that light, I will finish."

You could have said so many things, little things. A gesture, a word, a plea. What is a word or two, if it may mean

HISTRIONICS

—Albert Parsons
went to his death,
singing Annie Laurie;
didn't another have
a rose in his coat—
or was it a pink—
dramatizing himself—

Blooded rose
stalk
hanging out of an empty
coat lapel,
or was it a pink carnation
rose color
soft as sunrise
glimmering upon a gallows,
and streak of silver song
ravelled with the rain
on a filthy Chicago morning in the Eighties—
you shall outlast horizons.

Lola Ridge

II

In the prison hearing room the parole board is sitting at the bench, in swivel chairs, their elbows resting on the bright yellow oak. The bench is at the front of the room, on an elevated platform. It is a light, large room, brightly furnished, much nicer than the courtrooms of the land. The sun streams in the whole western side, through yellow blinds. In the anteroom a half-dozen telegraph keys are going. Newspapermen are sitting at the tables, or running in and out. Chapman's counsel and the state's attorney are in the front seats.

A male sobsister takes out a pad of paper and writes an observation. "Governor Trumbull sat with his forehead resting on his right palm, gazing intently at Judge Groehl, as the chief counsel for the bandit declared . . ."

He is Governor of the State of Connecticut. He has the beak nose, the sandy hair, the thin lips, the cackling voice. He is sitting tight on something, holding to it with his lips.

Judge Groehl looks helpless and muddled. They will not permit the mysterious woman from Brooklyn to testify. She could tell the board she saw Chapman in Brooklyn the night of the murder. There is an old man

"Warden, produce the prisoner."

Nobody expected this. All the newspapers said this morning that Chapman would not be allowed to appear. Surprise. Suspense. The parole board is nervous. They look out the window and gaze at the ceiling. They are trying to look supreme and indifferent, they are clinging to some childhood notion of the majesty of the law.

Here he comes. The deputy warden is in front, two guards behind. He is not even handcuffed. This dangerous man. What if he should make a dash for a window, as he did in New York? Why not? It would be better to be shot than hanged. Bullets only sting, like something hot, that is all. Wouldn't it make a good story . . .

He has no such thought. He is calm and cool. You feel vitality in him, but not uncertainty. What a skinny little man, in his blue uniform and carpet slippers. Red and yellow faded carpet slippers. His face is emaciated and prison pale. His eyes are cold, ratty. Or are they prison eyes?

III

Chapman is standing up, and everybody else is glad he is sitting down. The parole board pretends not to be uncomfortable. The members look at him as little as they have to. They stare out of the window, as if they

life, even in an eight-foot cell? If you are a crook, why didn't you do it? If you want to live, why didn't you say so?

His mind is clear, it is clearer than anyone's else in the room, and he is above everybody, somehow. More secure. He is free of time. He is living and dead and unborn, this moment has already existed, it is existing, it is about to exist.

The sun shines golden through the blinds. It is a cheerful room, clouded above by tobacco smoke. The telegraph instruments are clicking fatefully. Men are talking in court voices. This is human life, and death and fate, but nobody knows it. Nobody has time to know it. Newspaper men thinking of their stories, judges thinking—what?

He is going now, followed by his guards. He walks slowly, almost leisurely. The red and yellow faded carpet slippers flap on the white pine floor. Guilty or innocent, he's done for, and he knows it.

IV

Only six-thirty and dark already. The sun sank red behind the blue hills, and then the prison flashed with lights. It is a big night. All the front rooms are blazing. But the dormitories are dark and silent.

The prison hearing room has been converted into a press room. They have

put in more telegraph wires and two telephones. A trusty who looks like a rat serves coffee and ham sandwiches to the boys. They say he once killed a man, but he is a trusty.

This is the same room where Chapman talked to the parole board a few hours ago. This is the room where the seven men condemned him to hang. In the seven chairs at the elevated bench are seven reporters. The chair Chapman sat in is occupied by the dean of Hartford scribes. A New York cub and his boss share the Governor's seat.

Fifty newspapermen pounding typewriters. Words, thousands of words. Some of them are still writing the afternoon story. They have yet to write the preliminary story of the hanging. Others are fixing advance leads to be released by flash.

"Wethersfield Prison, April 6.—Exhibiting the same cool nerve that marked him throughout a life of crime, Gerald Chapman walked to his death at—this morning, carrying with him to the grave the secret of his real identity."

It is funny, writing that a man is dead when he is still alive. Chapman has six hours to live. They have taken him to the death cell and given him civilian clothing. The Catholic priest is with him. What are his thoughts now?

Reporters munching sandwiches and drinking coffee. Gift of the prison, isn't

it? What is Chapman eating, and does he enjoy his last meal? What is he thinking of, God or his sweetheart, or liberty? Does he still dream of being free? They say a man never gives up hope until they change his suit and put him in the death cell. Then he usually collapses, or goes out of his mind. If Chapman should collapse . . . if he should collapse, fifty newspapermen will be ill tomorrow morning. They will have lost faith in something. He may be guilty, he may be innocent, but he must be game.

Troopers outside. Dumbbells. Connecticut troopers. If you go out you will never get back, even if you are a representative of the world's greatest.

Chapman was great before the farmers. "You can understand, being in solitary confinement, my voice didn't carry very far." They didn't get it. They didn't get him. What the Hell. When there's an element of doubt. . . .

The representative of the world's greatest paper is sick. He is a sick man. He goes to the toilet and pukes. "What are you worrying about, you've only got to see him hang."

For the love of Christ, look. An English novelist, with a cane and everything. Stalking the English moors. Here's a ten thousand dollar reporter acting as stenographer. Listen. This is the first chapter.

Spring. Laughter. Love and kisses.

Grim prison walls. Death. Cross that out, begin again. It is Spring, and the world is a bower of love and laughter. An April moon shines through the pregnant branches of the trees. It shines impersonally on young lovers strolling the cool lanes and on bleak prison walls, where within. . . . Cross that out. Have you a cigarette?

The clock stands still. It refuses to move, but hearts beat. Chapman had better say his prayers. Will he break down? Will he accept the last rites of the church? I hope he doesn't bear a crucifix.

There is a scurry toward the judges' benches. The A. P. man is reading some flimsy. "According to a statement made last night by the prison authorities, Chapman was unlike any other prisoner ever known here. His conduct is described as having been 'exemplary, courteous, gentlemanly, and considerate at all times.' He has made few complaints or demands of any kind, and all of the latter are characterized as having been reasonable."

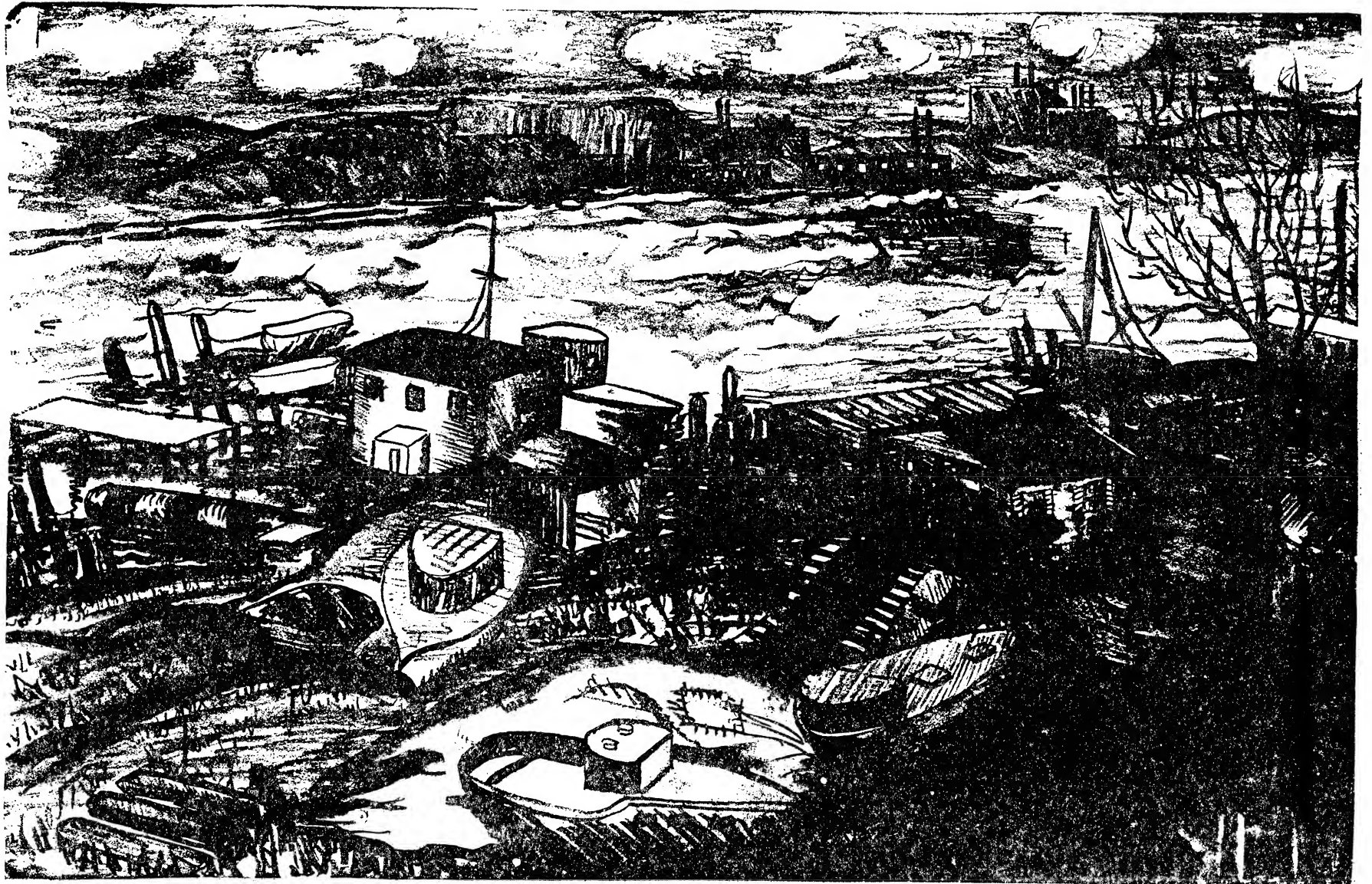
What did he have for supper, and did he eat well? Is he alone, or is Father Barry with him? How is he dressed? Will anybody else see him? Did he leave a will, and what about his personal belongings? Did he write any letters? What disposition will be made of the body?

The assistant warden is an obliging



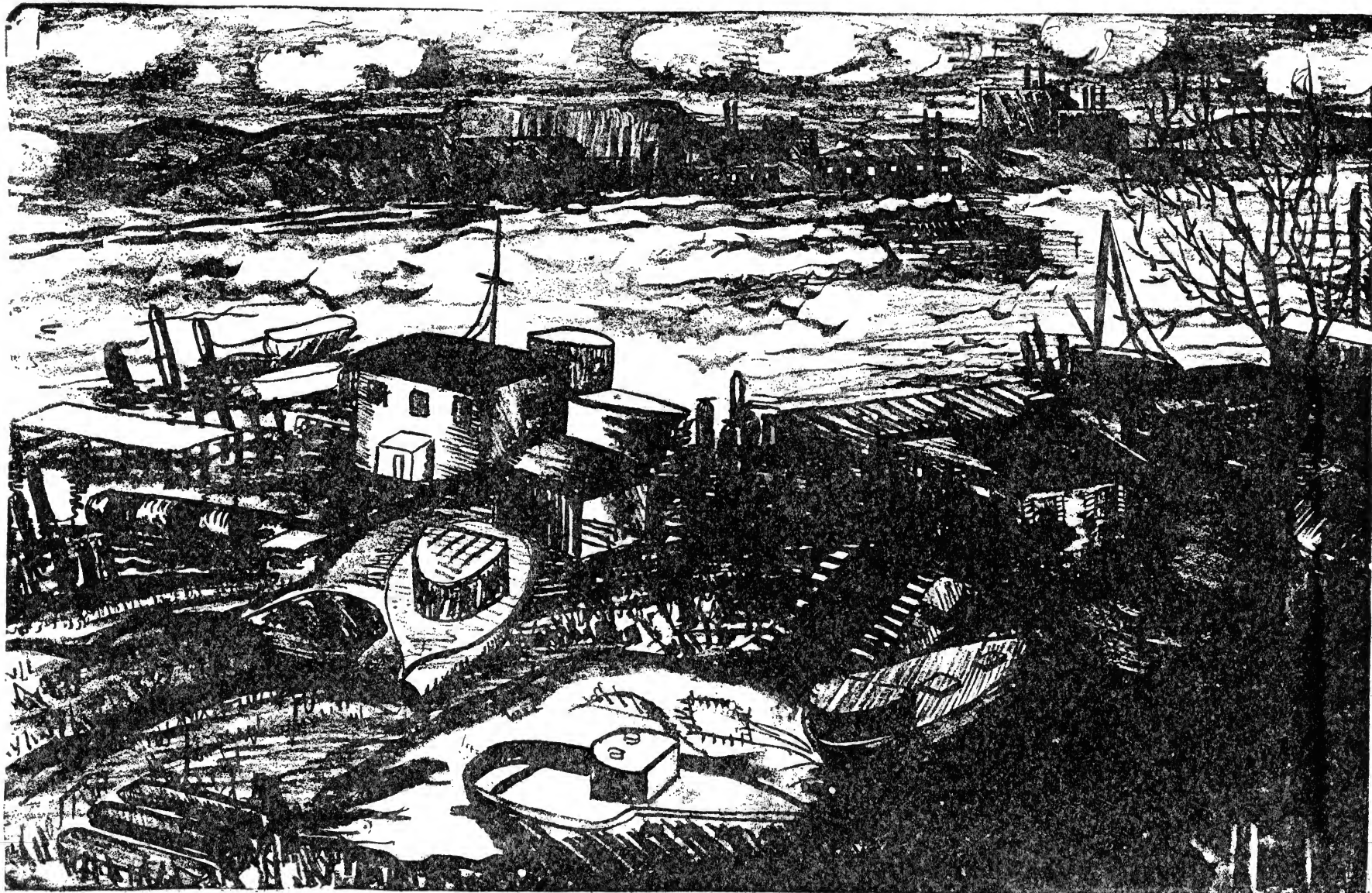
FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY BESSIE CUSHMAN

HUDSON RIVER WATERFRONT



FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY BESSIE CUSHMAN

HUDSON RIVER WATERFRONT



FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY BESSIE CUSHMAN

HUDSON RIVER WATERFRONT

fellow. He writes down the questions on a piece of yellow paper and goes out to get the answers.

You can't see anything outside, save the arc lights on the prison grounds, an occasional guard hiding, like a boy scout, behind a tree, and headlights flashing along the road. They say there are a thousand people in the street, but you can't see them. An April moon filigreed with clouds. It is like a college campus.

Well, well, Mickey has arrived. He is the chief execution reporter of the United States. Twenty-nine killings is his record, fifteen men burnt and fourteen hanged. This will make it thirty love.

How did he get in? Didn't they think he was part of a gang trying to save Chapman? These Connecticut cops. There was a fellow tried to go across the street and telephone and they stuck a rifle in his belly. Who are you, and what do you want, and where the hell are you going? So they think a whole regiment of gunmen is coming to disturb the newspapermen at their feast and cheat the hangman.

Wouldn't it be a good story? If something only would happen, after all this bunk. Bunk. During the trial they put that stuff out. Every jurymen was told before the trial that if they hanged Chapman somebody would get them, and so of course they hanged Chapman. Law. Ethics. Justice. The two New Britain cops admitted perjury. The ante-mortem statement of Skelly identifying Shean was never denied. He didn't get a square deal. When there's an element of doubt . . .

It is ten-fifteen. Two hours more. They are bringing in a whole new meal. That other was a pink tea, this is an after-theatre supper. More ham, potato salad, cake, more coffee. Don't do things up brown here. Wonderful state, Connecticut. Like hell.

The nice young assistant warden is back with the news. Everybody flocks to the front bench.

"Chapman left no will.

"He hasn't written any letters yet.

"Father Barry is with him. He came in about 9:15 o'clock and will be with him to the end."

A bugle blows. Everybody stops writing. There is a second of silence.

"That's taps. You asked about cigarettes. He smokes them frequently. He did not take any books to the death cell with him."

A male sob-sister moves away and begins to write. "While the parole officer was giving reporters details of the last hours of the bandit's life, a weird thing happened. Taps sounded through the prison, reaching the ears of newspapermen, as it was at the same time falling like the knell of doom on the ears of Gerald Chapman. It was the last taps he would ever hear on this earth."

The representative of the world's greatest paper is sick again. He comes out of the toilet door and leans against the jamb. The assistant warden takes him by the arm and leads him toward the pharmacy for a shot of strychnine. A nice fellow, the assistant warden. Too damned nice.

Eleven thirty. Somebody has come in downstairs. They say it is the Governor, and he is going to grant Chapman a reprieve. If it's not the Gov-



DRAWING BY WANDA GAG

SUPPER LAID FOR ONE

ernor, it's an important person. They took him with an escort into the warden's office and closed the door.

If they only would . . . No, it's a false alarm. The assistant warden says there's nothing new. Chapman will hang. Governor Trumbull is at home with his wife and family. They are guarding his house with state troops to prevent violence.

Violence by whom? Do they think Chapman can stick his foot out of the death cell and boot the Governor in the rear?

Here's a fellow says three hundred klansmen are burning a fiery cross on a hillside to the east, and are marching on the prison. Klansmen coming to save Gerald Chapman. Humanity is as credulous as that. He ought to be glad to die.

Would you be willing to die in his place? Why not? He's an enemy to society, that's true, better to get him out of the way, and to hell with justice. But what did you ever do for society or anyone else? Werther and Julien Sorrel. You have failed at everything you ever tried. You let people do as they please with you. You don't know what it's all about. But not this boy. He's got something. Nerve. Will. An ideal. He made the farmers look foolish, and they're hanging him. Majesty of the state. Bull. Who was the coolest man at the hearing? Who was the keenest? Who was the one with faith in himself, and something beyond himself?

Eleven forty-five. Good Heavens, are they going to hang him ever? By this time he must be beyond good and evil. Here are the ones that are suffering. Stories all done. Nothing to

occupy their minds, save whether they will get the news first, and how. That's all fixed, all that can be done. Stuff pouring into the offices by three wires and one telephone. If one breaks down there's always the other.

Eleven fifty. The fifteen newspapermen who are going to be eyewitnesses are straying around like lost sheep. No, like dazed pelicans. Will somebody please come and tell them to get ready. Look at the world's greatest . . .

Only ten minutes more. Does Chapman know the time? Is he counting the minutes? They say they go out of their heads and don't know what is happening. Not Chapman. If he should collapse . . .

"Now gentlemen, if you will just step this way . . ."

It is the assistant warden. He is showing them through the palace. This is where Napoleon slept with Josephine, and that is the original counterpane, washed in the waters of the Oise by ten handmaidens. They had red hands and dimpled cheeks and there is a painting of the Duc de Guise. The palace was built in 1645 in the reign of Louis Fourteenth, but was used only as a hunting lodge. Napoleon had it rebuilt, redecorated, and furnished with an eight cylinder motor. You can see the hunting grounds through the window. The woods are among the finest in France, but there has been no game in them for six hundred years. Only snakes and lizards.

They huddle together and march in step. It is not a wedding, it is a funeral. Fifteen men, marching to a funeral. They go downstairs, the turn-

key swings the iron door and they follow the corridor, past dark cells from which prisoners peer like animals.

When there is an element of doubt . . .

Twelve o'clock. Midnight. The witching hour. Somebody sing a song or start a game of craps. Where's the coffee. One minute more. We won't know for ten minutes. They wait ten minutes before they take the body down. Wonder if the wire is open. Here, file this, and shoot the time when it comes: "Gerald Chapman was hanged at —. Pronounced dead at —." We won't wait for that. Just add ten minutes.

He's leaving the death cell now. How do you know? You can't tell. Everything is silent. . . . People running up and down the stairs, peering through the bars. Telegraphers eating sandwiches, making dots and dashes . . .

A clatter on the stairs. Who is it? Twelve-four. Twelve-four. Did you get that, you dumbbell. Put it on the wire. Twelve-four. Twelve-four.

"Pronounced dead at twelve-thirteen. Pronounced dead at twelve-thirteen. Twelve-thirteen."

Here's the assistant warden. Here's Mickey. Here's the world's greatest. Here's the cub, grinning like a cat. He didn't blink an eye.

Mickey, tell us. Was he cool? Did he falter? Did he collapse? Tell us.

It was all over before he had any time to think. They tied his hands and legs in the cell and of course they had to help him because he couldn't walk very well with his feet strapped and

(Continued on page 30)



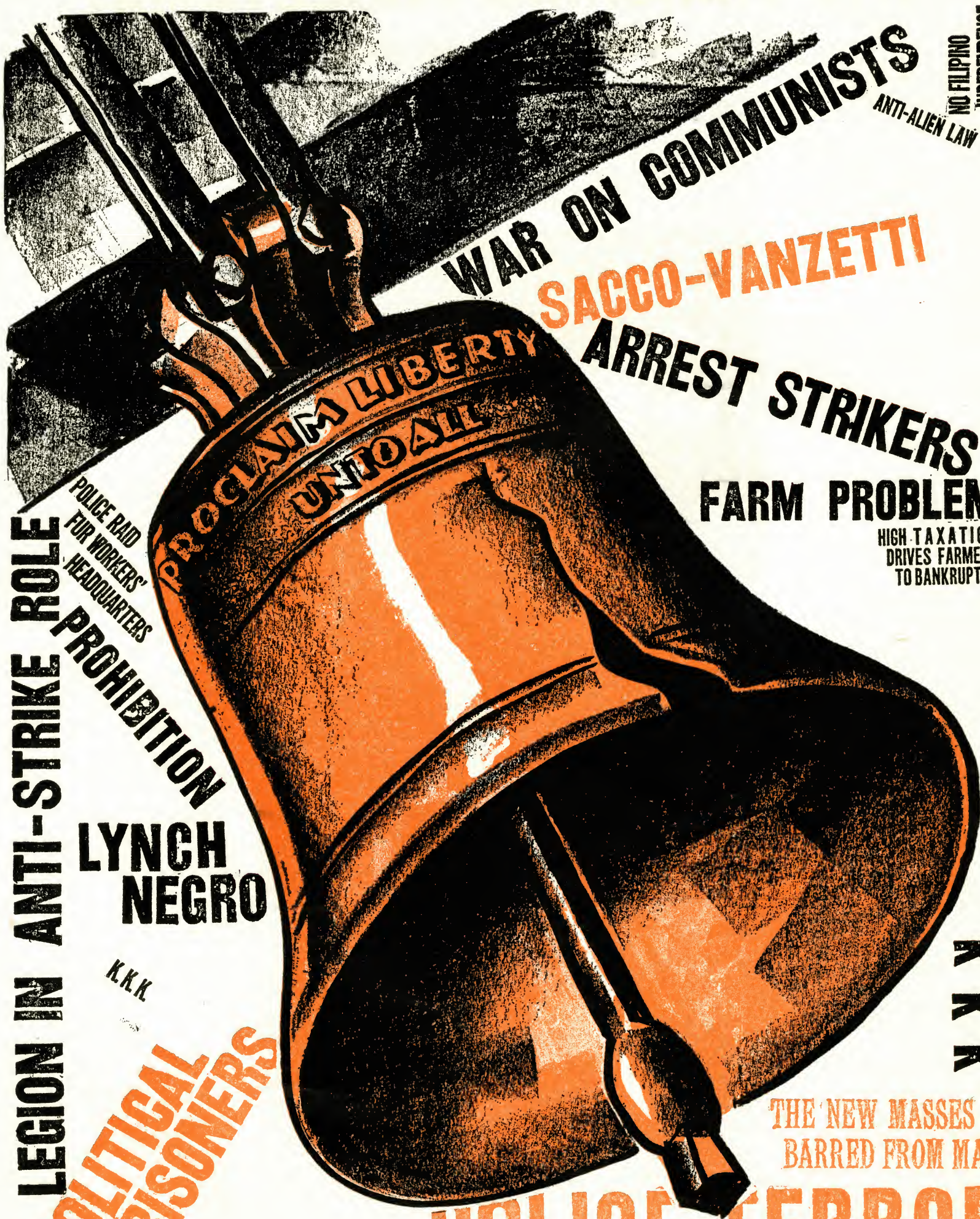
DRAWING BY WANDA GAG

SUPPER LAID FOR ONE



DRAWING BY WANDA GAG

SUPPER LAID FOR ONE



WAR ON COMMUNISTS

NO FILIPINO
INDEPENDENCE
ANTI-ALIEN LAW

SACCO-VANZETTI

ARREST STRIKERS

FARM PROBLEM

HIGH TAXATION
DRIVES FARMERS
TO BANKRUPTCY

LEGION IN ANTI-STRIKE ROLE

POLICE RAID
FOR WORKERS'
HEADQUARTERS

PROHIBITION

**LYNCH
NEGRO**

K.K.K.

**POLITICAL
PRISONERS**

K
K
K

THE NEW MASSES
BARRED FROM MAIL

POLICE TERROR

DRAWING BY HUGO GELLERT

JULY 4th, 1926

THE VANISHING PROLETARIAT

By McALISTER COLEMAN

ZANE GREY'S motion-picture, *The Vanishing American*, has revived the popularity of that widely copied painting which shows an Indian with head bent and drooping lance riding dejectedly into the sun-set. Undoubtedly the Indians are dying out although the last Indian I saw was riding into the sun-set in a Cadillac with a bottle of white mule. And he was anything but dejected as he happened to be an Osage in Oklahoma and was getting \$2,500 for his quarterly head-rights on his oil holdings.

Now if someone will sit down and do a painting of a coal-miner in his pit clothes with a pick over his shoulder drifting disconsolately away from the mine tippie, he will have a true picture of a very real tragedy that is going on through all the mine fields of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania, the territory where the United Mine Workers of America have their organization. The introduction of machinery into the mines, the failure of the union to organize the scab land south of the Ohio River, seasonal unemployment and the general idiotic management of a basic industry are all conspiring to shove the union coal-miner out of the American scene. And when he goes there will have vanished the last of the real American proletariat. It is a pity too, for your average coal-digger gave color and life to an otherwise mighty drab labor movement. Now that the machines which can produce three times as much coal as could the miner with his pick are turning the mines into Ford plants with foremen standing over the shovellers, great conveyors carrying the coal to the top, undercutting machines and the like, bringing the horrors of modern factory methods into an industry that was a short time back all handicraft, there is grim truth in the saying we have "too many mines and too many miners."

The exodus that began last winter when mines in the big union fields everywhere closed down after the demand for soft coal due to the anthracite strike had ended, will continue to grow until next April when the miners' union goes into a life and death struggle to hold what organization it has. For the Jacksonville agreement, that has kept peace but has not kept markets in the union territory, expires then and of course the operators will demand a large wage cut. They will go into conferences with a mighty dangerous weapon to use against the miners. They will point out the impossibility of competing with West Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee wage scales and will threaten to close down altogether if the union leaders insist on a continuance of the present wage scale. Then Mr. John L. Lewis, who prides himself on being a fighter, will have to do something more than shadow-box his way into an agreement.

So the miners are unhappy, are aware of their predicament and what the future holds for them, but don't know just what to do about it. Some of them are getting jobs on railroad

sections, some of the foreign-born, who were peasants in the Old Country, are going back to the soil. The majority are just sitting tight and cussing high. And when a miner cusses he cusses "large, divine and comfortable words." He has never been finicky about expressing himself. If he does not get

gladly you would die for that "glorious organization." Then you proceed to get down to the real meat of the speech, namely what a cock-eyed bunch of chairwarmers and brief-bag pushers your officials are. Several times you throw in the words, "in conclusion," the most heartening phrase in any

One night at a local meeting, "Little Tony" was laboriously taking the minutes with his back to the wall. There arose in the smoke-hung rear a huge miner for the purpose of making a motion. "Mr. Chairman," he said, "I moka mosh that 'Little Tony'—he's a gol damn fool."

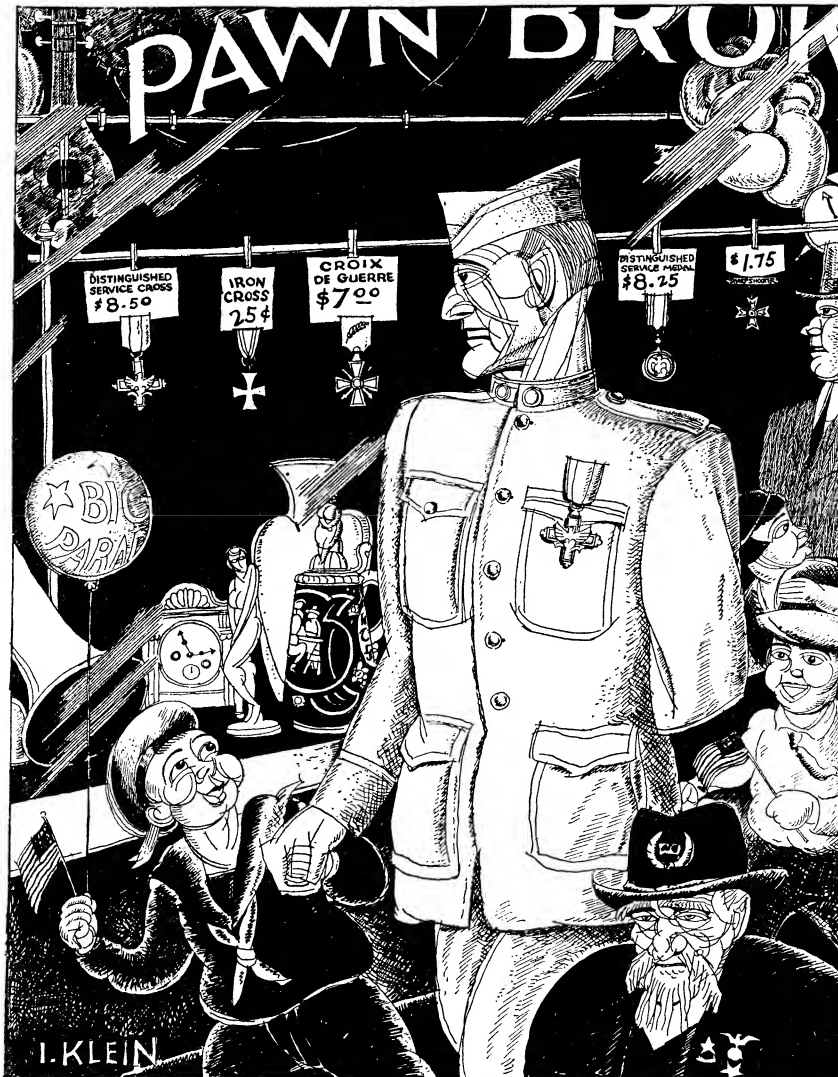
Furious, the little secretary leaped to his feet and turned towards the rear. "Who made that mosh?" he shouted. Out of the smoke emerged "Big Tony" pounding a mighty chest. "I, 'Big Tony,' I made that mosh." The secretary's mouth hung open, astonishment at this dramatic reappearance of his rival struck him dumb for an instant. Then he chose valor's better part. Wheeling upon the chairman he shouted, "I, 'Little Tony,' I second that mosh."

It is in the hotel and boarding-house bed-rooms when the regular sessions of the conventions are over that one hears the strange tales and swinging sagas of the weird life underground. After the cuspidors have been artistically arranged in the middle of the room and the home brew has begun to lose its first fine careless raptures, some one will start:

"I was working in 'Old Muddy' back in eighteen and ninety. She was one hell of a mine, all wet and lots of gas. There was an explosion in the next entry to ours which blocked off our passage to the main entry. The only way we could get out was to crawl plumb over the face of the digger who had been buried under most half a ton of rock. Nothing but his face was sticking up. Of course he was dead as a door-nail, but believe me, it sure did give a guy the creeps to feel that face give way under your hob-nails."

Everybody spits meditatively, the beer can comes round once more and then "Joker" Mullins begins:

"I was doing an organizing job in Pennsylvania once. They had a lot of gunmen at this mine and it was hard to get at the scabs. 'Calf-head' Hicks had been caught near the tippie and them dicks took him up to the company hotel and beat him most to death. Finally I decided to go into the mine on a man-trip. I hung out in the woods all night and got into a car in the morning when no one was looking. I knew one of the scabs who was a half-way decent guy considering what he was doing. He was working in a room a long way from the shaft head and I sneaked right along to see him. It was darker than hell of course and who should I bump into walking along the entry but the bloody super. He knew what I was all right and he grabbed for his gun. I turned and run and you can figure it was some running. The next minute, bang! bang! He begun shooting down there in the dark. I could hear the bullets whining by my ears. I ducked down one passageway and then another. Pretty soon I heard an awful yell far behind me and then the shooting stopped. When I finally got out all right I went along back to town and took the next train out of that



DRAWING BY I. KLEIN

PATHS OF GLORY LEAD BUT ...

the floor at his conventions, or thinks that the presiding officer is gavelling him to death, he comes charging down the middle aisle ripping off his coat and challenging the chairman to mortal combat. I was at the press-table at an Indianapolis convention once when the large frame of Alex Howatt was heaved over the alarmed heads of myself and colleagues. Some of Alex's admirers had decided that he was entitled to a place on the platform and they threw him right up there. Some of John L. Lewis's supporters promptly threw him right back again.

And what tremendous speeches they make. No miner considers that he has begun to express himself if he talks for less than two hours. The technique is something like this. For the first half hour or so you become largely biographical, expanding with great detail upon your first work in the mines back in 1889, how you busted a scab in the nose during the big strike, how much the union means to you and how

speech. But it doesn't mean anything. Usually nothing short of sheer exhaustion can get a miner off his feet.

"My God, Jack," I once remarked to a limp and dripping orator who had been sawing the air for hours, "that was one hell of a long speech."

He looked at me with scorn and then croaked feebly, "Long nothing. Why at a picnic in Oklahoma once I talked for six hours. It was so hot one woman fainted. But let me tell you, sonny, the two men who carried her out came back to hear me wind up."

The informality of large union conventions is far surpassed by that which prevails at meetings of local unions. In one little Southern Illinois camp an Italian known as "Little Tony" had battered his way up to be secretary of his local. Before he came to America he and a young giant called "Big Tony" had been rivals in love. "Big Tony" unmercifully beat up the smaller man but as is so often the case, it was "Little Tony" who got the girl.

PAWN BROOK

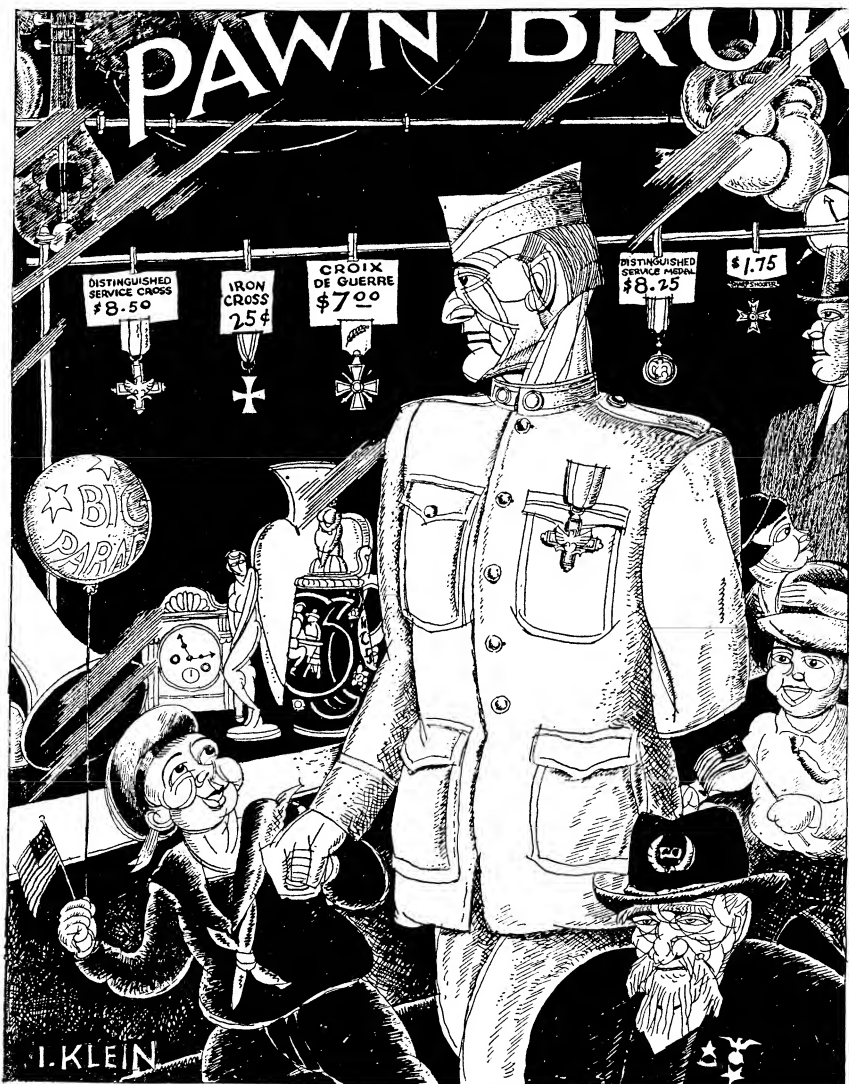
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I. KLEIN

DRAWING BY I. KLEIN

PATHS OF GLORY LEAD BUT ...

neighborhood. It seemed that this scab I had gone to see had heard the shooting, run out and found it was the super and walloped him on the head with his pick. He never did like the b——d anyhow and here was his chance to fix him proper. He was pinched but got off clean on the ground of self-defence. No one had seen him hit the super and there was the gun with empty bullets as evidence."

There are stories of that grand old war-horse Mother Jones and how she used to march intrepidly into the bright face of danger. Stories of that famous mule-skinner, "General" Alexander Bradley, who led the striking miners of Illinois attired in a shiny high hat and a Prince Albert coat, proud regalia purchased with bribe money given the "General" by the operators. Stories of Ora Thomas and how he went alone through the streets of Herrin, Illinois,

to kill that professional "bad man" Glenn Young and three other Klansmen.

It's a pity to lose such a militant group from out of the American labor movement, but you can't fight economics nor resist the encroaching machine. The cigar-makers said once that you never could make cigars by machinery. And where is their union today? Where are the glass-blowers of yesterday? As defunct as the brewers' union.

The last of the proletarians are vanishing and are leaving behind them the meagerest of permanent historical material. The official history of the miners is a dry-as-dust affair and yet their folk-lore and traditions offer a wealth of material for the chronicler who wants literally to dig down below the surface of American life.

KEEP YOUR WITS ABOUT YOU

By JOSEPH VOGEL

KEEP your wits about you, for you do not realize how easy it is to infringe upon the law.

My friend Kopak is drunk again. He is drinking up the last cent of his wages. Ah, you moralists will condemn him immediately! What you see is the external act of drinking. You see the glass of whiskey being raised to his lips, and that is all. But I know my friend. I can feel the pains in his back, for I share them. All day under a sun we have shoveled rocks under new ties for the railroad company. And I also would soothe away my pains with whiskey, but I am not a drinker. I sit in a corner of the saloon and soon my surroundings disappear in a world of thoughts.

Thus Kopak and I forget our day of torturous work, our aching bodies, he with drink, and I with dreams.

I have heard men in tight frock-coats call men like Kopak beasts who squander their savings upon themselves, who destroy themselves with drink. Again I smile and only say that with money Kopak saves himself, by forgetting himself. And how do you think he treats his few dollars—like the Rockefeller dime? Those few dollars for which he breaks his back and blisters his fingers are common property among his friends. Kopak will treat at any time, and when he gets fairly drunk, I must be on hand to prevent him from giving his money away in one lump.

Ah, I know my friend Kopak, for I have shared hunger with him; I have shared back-breaking work with him, and I have often given him a good part of my wages, because it takes more money with his method of forgetting pains. Between Kopak and me there is a deep strong understanding; it has been tested with fire. . . .

So it happens that Kopak is standing at the bar after the day's work and I am sitting in my customary corner. I am thinking that it is time to take Kopak home; he has drunk enough to deaden his pains.

"Kopak, let us go before I have to carry you. I promise you I won't do that."

Kopak turns around and laughs. He waves his arms and invites me to drink with him. Ah, he is forever teasing me to drink! And in order not to offend him I take a few. It will be easier to persuade him after that to go home.

As soon as I have taken a few drinks Kopak starts to sing. This time it is his favorite, a deep robust song of his h o m e l a n d. And how he sings! I must stop and listen. At such moments all my pains and misfortunes are forgotten. Before Kopak has finished, every man in the saloon is listening quietly. His song is the expression of a yearning for freedom, a yearning for life. It is a wild call in a lonely place.

When Kopak has finished with his song, we notice that a policeman is standing in the room. The policeman talks in a gruff voice to the bartender. "You damn fool, you'll put me in dutch allowing all that noise in your place!" The bartender says nothing.

The policeman turns to Kopak and looks him over. Kopak is holding on to the bar and returns the stare with fierce eyes. Oh God, I know that something is going to happen! I know that Kopak has drunk too much, and I know that policeman's face. Brutality shines out of his eyes.

"You'd better get the hell out of here!" says the policeman, and no

sooner has he finished than Kopak staggers up to him, and grabs hold of his arm to keep from falling. The policeman pulls him and threatens to arrest him. Kopak is no weak man. He struggles, but half of his struggle goes to keep himself on his feet. The blood and whiskey rise to his head and half unconscious he grasps hold of the policeman to keep himself from going down. This is too much. The policeman raises his leaden club high and brings it down with a smashing force on Kopak's head.

Oh, what can I do? I do not know the law. I am half drunk. There is Kopak, my friend, stretched out on the floor with his head broke open, a wide gash in his scalp, and the blood flowing over the floor. Ha, ha, Kopak, singer of songs, now you have forgotten your pains!

The policeman has telephoned for the patrol wagon . . . in a moment it arrives. They pick up his body like a sack and drag it into the wagon. Blood trails along on the sidewalk. Then they drive away. . . .

I have not gone back to work. I have been drinking the last few days: the last of my scanty savings. Ah, moralists, you see the little glass lifted to my lips! You see the external act of drinking. You do not see the inner. I have no need now to forget the pains in my back. I have need to forget my thoughts . . . red, gashing thoughts. I must drink away the sight of that raised red club. I must forget the sorrow which burns in me, for the blood spilled from Kopak's body was my blood.

For my own welfare I do not care. I am ready to be hit upon the skull and carried unconscious to keep Kopak company. But for you others, who drink a little to deaden your pains, who sing songs of yearning freedom for your mates, who bear the sorrow of the world in your soul, I give this warning: Keep your wits about you, for you do not realize how easy it is to infringe upon the law.

WAIVING THE CRIME WAVE

By HOWARD BRUBAKER

LIKE everybody else, I know the cause of the crime wave that is sweeping over America. I have added up all the known factors and the answer is perfectly terrible.

A careful reading of the biographies of Chapman, Whittemore and other prominent yeggs, a thoughtful study of the works of Richard Washburn Child, who has been in the diplomatic service and knows crime by its first name, an analysis of the Baumes committee report on New York State, all point to one inevitable conclusion, and now I am sorry I ever poked my nose into the matter at all.

The reason why there is so much crime in America is that there are so many Americans in America.

As we grow in population, we grow in lawlessness. When we restrict immigration, crime automatically increases, because the wholesome, cleansing European and Asiatic stream

is cut off. That leaves us free to Americanize what we have already on hand. This we do in our rapid, efficient, national way so that the second generation in this country is almost as criminal as our native, Protestant, Nordic blonds. Before long everybody, except a few moral stubborn-heads, is as bad as if he had lived in Massachusetts for six generations.

The Baumes report shows that even in New York where aliens abound and where we strive by precept, example and vile conditions to bring out the worst side of their natures, three-fourths of those convicted of crime are native-born.

Such inciters to lawlessness as Ku-Kluxers, Anti-Saloon Leaguers, Security Leaguers, governors of islands stolen from weaker peoples, exploiters of Mexico and Central America, crooked stock and real estate manipulators and New Jersey officials are,



DRAWING BY WILLIAM GROPPER

KIN YER BEATS IT? I WOIKS FER THE LOUSY MUTT FOR TWO DAYS AN' THE BIG STIFF ONLY PAYS ME FER ONE!



DRAWING BY WILLIAM GROPPER

**KIN YER BEATS IT? I WOIKS FER THE LOUSY MUTT FOR
TWO DAYS AN' THE BIG STIFF ONLY PAYS ME FER ONE!**

at a rough estimate, 99.44% pure American blood.

There is more homicide in Chicago, they tell us, than in all England. That is because England contains so few Americans and Chicago so many. We have a native superstition that the Italians invented crime, but Italy has much less per capita than we, even counting Mussolini as murder, highway robbery and arson. The French, Germans, Russians and Scandinavians are simply not in our class.

A member of a great, efficient rum-running force recently boasted that his corporation of go-getters did not contain a single alien. In the delicate business of organized, large-scale law-breaking, innocent foreigners could not

be trusted. "Put none but Americans on guard tonight," was their slogan.

Though the facts are clear, the solution is far from simple. If we all went to jail, we would simply learn new felonies from each other and pick each other's pockets. We cannot imprison ourselves, deport ourselves or behave ourselves.

One thing, therefore, we can and must do, and that is save the rest of the world from its sins. It is our heaven-born mission to be the censors of other people's conduct, political, social, financial and moral.

And that, by the grace of Coolidge, Kellogg, Mellon and Davis, is exactly what we are.

THE FIFTH AVENUE LADY

By ESTHER FRADKIN

I WAS mending an antique for one of the richest families on Fifth Avenue. It was made centuries ago, and was a big embroidered picture made by hand. The stitch was very plain, but required unlimited patience, and a very, very long time for the woman who had made it.

The picture showed a palace as background, and in the foreground, a nobleman of the period with his family.

One day I had a conversation with the lady who owned this old embroidery in the house on Fifth Avenue.

I mentioned the great progress that had been made by society since this embroidery was created, the improvement in many ways in housing, clothing, machinery, art, science, and so on.

Then I said: "But I don't see much difference in the relation of the classes of people to each other, since then."

"This picture was made by slave women of the feudal system. They were slaves to their husbands and to their feudal Lords. This picture shows clearly the parasitic life of the wealthy class for whom the slaves were working and creating all the wealth, making it possible for their masters to live in such luxury as this picture shows."

"Just think of it:

"Two centuries later, I am a free slave mending the work of my dead sisters, who were working with a whip on their backs. I am working under the same whip, but it has taken a dif-

ferent form: now it is the thought of the hunger of my children."

"This picture descended from the rich nobleman's family of the feudal system to a rich family of the capitalist system; they are different families in a way, but both force me to slave for them."

That was all I said, but the Fifth Avenue lady turned pale, opened her eyes wide, and said sharply: "But now we have Democracy, and also the Suffragette movement which gave to all of us women the same rights as man."

"Oh, yes," I said.

"For the women of your class," I said, "that is very important, but not for the women of my working class. Our political and economic condition can be helped only by a labor revolution."

"When the difference between you and me will disappear, and when all women will belong to one productive working class—then things will be better for me and people like me."

"Oh," the lady said, "you are a Bolshevik."

"Well," I said, "call it what you please, but I am positive there is not any other way for working women to get all the benefits of Democracy, progress, and the suffragette movement, the way your class is having them now."

Then the lady walked away, so I went on working.

PORTRAIT OF A MAN

By CLARINA MICHELSON

HIS round head is the last, perfect touch. It seems to belong not so much to his body as to his shiny evening clothes, expansive shirt front, carnation, and neat shoes. His brown hair turning grey is stuck flat against his head. He has little eyes, blue and lazy, and a woman's mouth. His nose, so moderate, not large, not small, is hardly noticeable, and does not disturb the curve of contented face. His pleasures? A comfortable home, probably a comfortable car, a comfortable wife. One can imagine him fifty years back, a starched white bib tied securely under his chin, a healthy, happy baby, eating well, sleeping well, gaining well,—no trouble to himself or anyone.

He's the same now. It seems almost as if some maternal spirit had hovered over him all these years, giving him lollypops to suck when he started to cry, telling the bad boys to go away, seeing that he walked only in sunny places, sat only on soft chairs. He has apparently reached out slowly, quietly, and taken what he wanted. Perhaps if he could not get what he was after, he decided he did not care for it anyway. Sorrow, frustrations, tragedy? They have left no mark. He seems untouched by the city, by the age. One thinks of an egg rolling in a cup in a house whose walls are crashing, or of an apple bobbing serenely on a dangerous sea.

FIVE POEMS



DECORATION BY LOUIS LOZOWICK

By MacKNIGHT BLACK

HE

He wears the clean armor of turbines,
And is a quickness in the joints of machines.
His belly is a belly of fire.
His shoulders are the spread shoulders of morning.
His heart is remote and mighty as the first womb-stir in darkness.
And God is an old word, and broken, for naming him,
And silence is fresh on our lips.

NEW WIND

Wind off the sea,
Lumbering in through the grey, salt morning;
Ancient wind,
Herding the mountains;
Wind like an old song of harvesters, swung over grainlands . . .
New wind,
Unbroken,
Like the clean rush from a swept sword
Forever cutting eight feet of air—
Flung from the bright wheel of a Corliss engine,
Steel-born, absolute.

CORLISS ENGINE

The end of wheels is rust—
Red crumbling, though the curved steel sped.

Desolation
Is yet an outstripped wolf
Pursuing where the hoofs of wonder fly;
Its teeth can no more close
On this wheel's rapture, running free,
Than they can rip
Gold flanks of thunderbolts
Stampeded down the sky.

TURBINE ROOM

Peace
Locked in thunders;
Stillness
Like crystal,
Shut in a roaring cube—
Stealing words from the lips,
Impact from movement—
New Quiet that cages the blood,
Nirvana
Steam-born.

END

As a runner kills his stride,
Piles leaping strength on rigid legs—
The fly-wheel slows
And stops.
Motion shatters on a wall
Of stillness . . . And the earth
Stands broken, torn apart
By dissolution, sudden, ominous.
A black cold eats the heavens.
Planets crumble
At the pinch of hurried fingers—
Death havocs midnight space
And blows the sky
Empty of powdered worlds.

MY RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

By CHARLES W. WOOD

I WAS "converted" when I was nine years old. My burden of sin had been crushing me for—well, I don't remember how long but it seemed like ages and ages. Not any particular sins, but SIN.

Sins, in the concrete, did not seem so important. They could be forgiven from time to time, if one were reasonably diligent in confessing them, but one would have to be converted first. If one were not converted, he was LOST.

Had it been necessary to confess my sins in detail, I might not have been able to present a very impressive list. Certainly I was not an unbeliever; and I had been commended frequently as an exceptionally obedient and affectionate child. But I had sinned and come short of the glory of God. Everybody had: and by no possible chance could I be an exception. That was the one central fact of life: and people who tried to dodge it went to hell. That's what became of them.

And that was what was going to happen to me, one of these days, if I didn't make a "complete surrender." I used to wake up screaming in the middle of the night—barely hanging by a thread over the Bottomless Pit. When the thread would be cut it was not given to any human being to know. Perhaps before morning!

I remember now that I was always hanging there *alone*. I had brothers and playmates who were also unsaved, but that didn't figure in this phase of my religious experience. This was strictly a matter between me and the Devil and God.

The strange thing was that I didn't want to be saved: at least, not on the terms of complete surrender. That was where the Devil had me. It was proof positive that I was in his grip. It was evidence of the SIN which was in my blood: not the sins which I had committed but the sin which I had inherited from Adam.

How I did hate Adam! If it hadn't been for him, I wouldn't have to make any complete surrender. If it hadn't been for him, there wouldn't be any hell. Hating Adam, however, wouldn't do me any good. Here were the facts to deal with. I would have to give myself up and be somebody else from then on. I wished I had died in childhood, before I reached "the age of understanding."

But I had reached it, indisputably. I understood the situation thoroughly—ever so much better, in fact, than I do today. And I went to the revival meeting that night—in the Arsenal Street Methodist Episcopal Church—more than half ready to let myself be pulled up to the altar by the holy power which was striving to save my soul.

There was an awful wrench when the moment came. But I got to my feet and lurched forward. Then something snapped inside of me and I found myself at the altar. There I sobbed and sobbed. I sobbed so much, in fact, that the minister began to think there was something wrong. I resented

his attitude. It seemed to me he was making rather light of my soul's salvation. The meeting was all over, apparently, except for my sobbing, but what if it was? Was that any reason why I should be soothed like a child, instead of being treated with the dignity which such an event deserved?

I didn't know it at the time, but such conversions as mine were already going out of fashion. The church was becoming worldly. It was losing spirituality. It believed in the Fall of Man through Adam, apparently, quite as literally as it ever did, but not so intensely. I should have been born fifty years before I was in order to get complete satisfaction out of that conversion.

I had other religious experiences later and became a local preacher at 17. I preached mainly against the worldliness of the Church, its bid for respectability, its failure to take its beliefs seriously. I wanted things carried to their logical limit. That a person or a doctrine was out of style, I felt, could not have any weight with a sincere follower of Him who was despised and rejected of men.

"It doesn't matter what people say about you," I was always emphasizing. "It is what God says. And it doesn't matter what people say is right: it is what God says that counts."

I became an infidel two years later. Very naturally I would: for I was thoroughly committed by this time to an unfettered search for truth. What

people said no longer counted, *not even what they said God said*: and suddenly it dawned upon me that I had "believed the Bible" because people had said that it was the Word of God. I had read no agnostic literature. I had read no higher criticism. I had never heard of the theory of evolution. I had become a thorough unbeliever through the simple process of trying to find out exactly what I ought to believe.

It was a grand experience. There were no sobs this time, and no wrench. I threw off my "religion" with a shout of relief. I took up profanity. I took up almost everything that I had been told was wrong. Then I read Ingersoll, in exultation. He didn't convert me to anything, for I was already converted. Hell seemed funny to me, and all schemes for individual salvation seemed funny. I began to go to revival meetings, whenever I had a chance, for sheer amusement.

When I heard the familiar Fall and Redemption story now, with all the hymns and prayers which were based upon it, it made no personal appeal. "Important, if true," I would remark to myself. I would keep my face straight, for I did not like to offend others, but I would grin inwardly. On the rare occasions when the "workers" personally crowded around me and exhorted me to come to Christ, I particularly enjoyed myself. Usually I asked them questions which sent them back to confer with the evangelist.

One time I broke up a prayer-meeting—a special meeting which had been arranged, without my knowledge, on purpose to bring me to Christ. This was in the Mechanicsville, N. Y., Railroad Y. M. C. A. I was asked simply if I would come to the meeting and promise to stay until the end: but I did not know until I got inside that I was the only unregenerate person invited.

They prayed and they sang, one hymn after another. And while they were praying and singing, the thought flashed into my mind that the proceedings were not so very important after all. Not even if the old dogmas were true. The whole performance, while logical enough, if the premises were once admitted, seemed incongruous. A nine-year-old child, I thought, might be expected to brood upon his individual salvation. But I was a man now, a locomotive fireman. I had already been in two or three wrecks: and until the last man was accounted for, I had never heard any shouting.

"When the Roll is called up yonder, I'll be there," they sang. I listened as I had never listened before. At the close of the hymn, the evangelist surprised me.

"Wood," he asked, "What do you think of that hymn?"

"I think it's rotten," I answered candidly.

"There will be a roll call," he said; not very impressively, I thought.

"Perhaps," I answered. "But if there is, I can't imagine myself jubilating over it. I'll be thinking, I know, of the poor devils who aren't there."

"Let us sing No. 49," said the evangelist.

This was "Will there be any Stars in my Crown?"

"What do you think of that?" he repeated at the close.

"I think it's worse," I told him. "I'm not a monarchist. I don't believe in crowns. A crown is a symbol that you've got somebody under you. I'm a socialist. I don't want anybody under me. I could write a better hymn than that in thirty minutes."

My challenge was accepted and the meeting stopped. They brought a table to me instead, and crowded around with the watches in their hands. I am not a poet and I never was: but the "hymn" such as it was, was done in exactly thirty minutes. Here it is, very bad poetry and all. I cite it only for its value in the study of the evolution of religious concepts.

*Fraternity's the word,
All else is empty sham.
Am I my brother's keeper, Lord?
I feel and know I am.
I hear his anguished cry,
I feel his pain within;
I share his tears, his hopes, his joy,
His sorrow and his sin.*

*On life's great, troubled sea,
Our craft together ride.
What though the course be clear to me
If unto him denied?
Together on the main,
By storm and tempest tossed;
If both may not the harbor gain,
May I with him be lost.*



DRAWING BY SANDY CALDER

FIRST ARTIST: MY TIME IS VERY EVENLY DIVIDED. I SPEND HALF MY TIME LOOKING FOR WORK AND THE OTHER HALF TRYING TO COLLECT FOR IT.

SECOND ARTIST: WHEN THE HELL DO YOU PAINT?

FIRST ARTIST: IN MY SPARE TIME!



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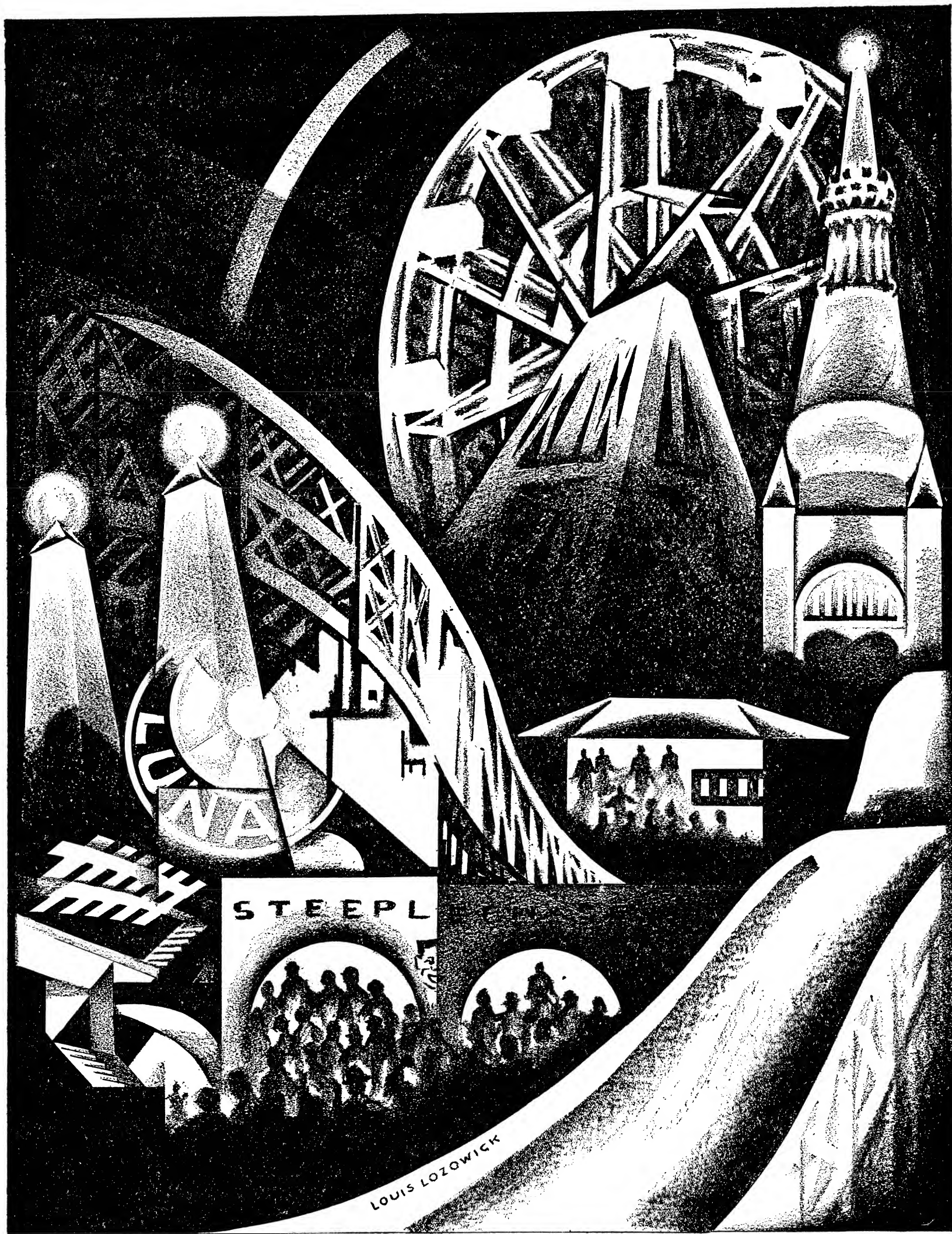
SECOND ARTIST: WHEN THE HELL DO YOU PAINT?

FIRST ARTIST: IN MY SPARE TIME!



CONEY ISLAND NIGHT

DRAWING BY LOUIS LOZOWICK



CONEY ISLAND NIGHT

DRAWING BY LOUIS LOZOWICK



DRAWING BY WILLIAM GROPPER

LADIES. IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO ANNOUNCE THAT WE HAVE SAVED 5,000 STARVING CHILDREN IN THE PAST YEAR. AND WE HOPE THERE WILL BE MORE NEXT YEAR.

*O God, if so it be
That Thou hast cursed the race,
And only they who know of Thee
Shall find redeeming grace;
One humble boon I crave,
A prayer by priests un-named—
If I may not my brother save,
Let me with him be damned.*

The "hymn" was passed around and read, but no verdict was rendered. The prayer-meeting simply dissolved. The believers, so far as I know, were not disturbed in their beliefs: and the unbeliever was too busy, between locomotive firing and socialist propaganda, to check up with any of them thereafter.

Had anyone called socialism my religion, I should have laughed at him. Socialism was a demonstrable, scientific program, as I could prove to him: that is, if he happened to be the sort of person who would be impressed by my proofs. Generally, he wasn't. He might not dispute my Plan of Salvation, but he wasn't interested in it. If the masses would only believe, and accept the doctrine, it was quite plain to me that they would be saved: but they were usually preoccupied with cards and dancing and the whole run of things which used to keep them from coming to Christ. Apparently, they didn't want to be saved.

The Socialists, moreover, didn't all agree as to just what pure, scientific socialism was. They didn't agree much better than the Christians did. In a very short time, I became a socialist heretic: for I insisted on "genuine socialist tactics" every time, while the great majority, in spite of their supposed acceptance of socialist theory, seemed to be more interested in making the movement popular. I was quite willing to make it popular, understand, but not by giving up our principles, I was willing even to make it unanimous

—by converting everybody to my point of view.

I might even have done that, if my point of view had only stood still long enough to let everybody reach it. But, for some reason or other, it wouldn't stand still. It was clear to me that only the right formula would produce the desired salvation: and I was always finding something wrong with the formula to which I had subscribed so enthusiastically the year before.

Eventually, I became a virtual infidel, as far as socialism was concerned. I did not become conservative. I courted change as ardently as ever, but I gave up the notion that the change could be brought about according to my particular blue-prints. I quit all propaganda. I quit trying to make up other people's minds and began deliberately, for the first time in my career, to get acquainted with people.

And, to my continual surprise, I found them marvellously interesting. I have grown to like people as I never did before: as I never could have liked them when I was primarily concerned with getting them to take a certain specified course. I wouldn't go back to my childhood for anything, nor to my adolescent preaching, nor to the days of my vigorous socialist propaganda. I used to resent it when the boobs flocked to the ball-games, instead of coming to the altar, or the polls, and getting themselves saved. Today, ball-games seem to me to be just the thing for people who want to go to ball-games. If they want salvation, and they can't find it there, I am willing to bet now, from what I have already learned about them, that they will look somewhere else.

And here is something I have discovered about all the people I have so far managed to get acquainted with.

All of them do want something. They want life, in some way, to be bigger than it is: and anyone who can help them find what they want, providing he doesn't insist upon mixing up his own wants with theirs, is generally quite welcome in their company.

The thing they want, I have discovered, is not always the thing they think they want. Probably it seldom is: but that is no reason why I should insist on their taking the thing I think they want instead. Some seem to be quite happy, for the time being, in their fundamentalism. Others seem to prefer booze. In either case, whether they are entirely satisfied or not, they are generally ready to fight if you threaten to take the thing away.

But I have no quarrel now with either. I want them to keep their fundamentalism, if they enjoy it, and to hang on to their booze if that seems to be furnishing a satisfactory answer to their problems. It strikes me that it doesn't; but until it strikes them so, I don't know that I can do anything about it.

Of course, I have my own preferences in conduct, but not for other people. I love dancing and I hate card-playing, although I can't dance and I can play cards. Card-playing seems to me to be a mere substitute for activity—a scheme for passing the time, on the part of those who can't think of anything to do. But dancing, like fundamentalism and communism, is a passionate expression of life. It is no trick at all, then, for me to love dancers and fundamentalists and communists. But the thing goes deeper than that: I am achieving a very amiable attitude toward card-players and business men.

Is dancing sinful? I do not know. It wouldn't make much difference if I did: for sinners are quite as interesting now as saints. My early attitude to-

ward sin is all gone: and if young people want my advice as to whether to sin or not, I am utterly at sea. If they try it, however, and it doesn't agree with them, the answer is more easy. I do not hate Adam any longer. What he did was most interesting: and if it hadn't been for him, I doubt if there ever could have been a Jesus.

I am quite as convinced as ever that people need salvation. It is my notion that they want it, and that life without it seems rather dull. Moreover, there is no dearth of saviours; there are millions and millions of them in America alone. But the saviours get into awful rows with each other, every time they set out to save us; and the world in the interim slips off to the ball-game.

Frankly, I'm glad it does. It's interesting: much more interesting, I think, than if it were to make a "complete surrender" to anybody's notion of just what salvation is.

They are fine people, these saviours, and these people who refuse to be saved in just that way. If you don't believe it, get acquainted with them: but in order to get acquainted with them, you will have to drop all moral judgments first. You will have to get over the notion that they are essentially bad because they happen to be prostitutes or gunmen or something. Why, I am getting so that I can eat with senators and bishops, now that I am coming to understand them.

The trick, as I see it now, is not to insist that they quit being prostitutes or gunmen or senators or bishops, just because you don't want to be any of those things. The trick is to give them all the information you can, and to learn all you can from them. In that way, it seems to me, we might eventually get at the truth: and if we can do that, the truth might make us free.



DRAWING BY WILLIAM GROPPER

LADIES. IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO ANNOUNCE THAT WE HAVE SAVED 5.000 STARVING CHILDREN IN THE PAST YEAR. AND WE HOPE THERE WILL BE MORE NEXT YEAR.

OBSCENITY OR HETERODOXY?

THE CASE AGAINST THE CENSORSHIP

ORTHODOX, official America points with pride to those magazines which, essentially uncreative and commercial both in aspiration and in fact, do little more than record in type and in pictures the prejudices and sentimentalities embedded in the current mores. Orthodox, official America revels in Rhinelander trials and wine-bath orgies and even tolerates complacently those deliberately pornographic publications which exploit, by means of lewd innuendo, coupled always with the sickening hypocrisy of a rampantly "moral" ending, the profound and festering prurience of a population ruled by the Puritan tradition which fears sex, fears life itself and invariably makes ugly what it fears.

Orthodox, official America will not tolerate a magazine which permits the creative artist to present life as he sees it and perform one of his essential functions: the cleansing and renewal of the mores through the critique of a sincere and disinterested intelligence. *This it will not tolerate especially when the magazine also commits the cardinal sin of questioning the economic basis of our social order.*

Such, in effect is the position of our official and unofficial censors in this country. The decision of the post office department in Washington declaring our May issue to be unmailable concerns us directly. Indirectly it concerns every honest writer and artist in America; every editor who values sincerely the freedom of the press, every citizen who wishes to see the law interpreted according to its obvious intent, which is certainly not the suppression of sincere art, utterly free from lewd suggestion, merely because it does not happen to satisfy the personal prejudices of a particular official.

We are glad of this opportunity to make clear our own position in this matter. We are against censorship, not merely this censorship, but all censorship. We see no point in temporizing with the smut-sniffers or attempting to make art safe for Fundamentalists, morons and Puritan neurotics. We think they ought to mind their own business. What they are really complaining about is not us but the dirt in their own minds. They make us sick, and unless intelligent people unite in condemning their activities, they will shortly make the whole country sick, and silly as well.

Let us review briefly the history of our difficulty with the post office department. Early in April—as soon as a copy of our first (May) issue came from the press—we submitted it to the post office in New York together with our application for a second-class mailing permit. On May 28, we received the following communication from the post office in New York:

Gentlemen:

In connection with your application for admission of the "New Masses" to the second class of mail matter based on the May, 1926,

issue, you are informed that that issue is unmailable and no further consideration will be given to such pending application.

No copies of the May, 1926, issue should be mailed and if it is desired to ascertain whether any future issues are mailable and, if so, what postage is required or under what conditions mailings will be accepted, you will be advised upon inquiry.

If at any future time you publish a mailable publication an application for its entry as second class matter on Form 3501, will be given consideration.

Please acknowledge the receipt of this letter.

Sincerely yours,

J. J. Kiely,
Postmaster.

On interviewing the New York post office officials, we were told that the local office knew nothing about the matter, but had acted upon instructions from Washington; that no reasons could be given for the decision; that further information must be sought in Washington. Three days later a member of our staff went to Washington for two purposes: to ascertain the specific grounds on which the May issue was declared unmailable, enter a defence and if possible secure a revocation of the ruling; to submit in advance a dummy of the third (July) issue and obtain the assurance of the department that it met the requirements of the law, or their interpretation of the law.

In answer to our first question we were told that in the opinion of the department certain portions of the magazine were barred under Section 211 of the Postal Regulations which bars "lewd and obscene" matter from the mails. We were advised that the decision of the department was final and that it was quite customary for the officials to prefer this charge and deny the mailing privilege *without* giving the editors of the publication in question any opportunity to defend their work. The department would give absolutely no opinion in such a matter by mail. If the editors happen to live in Portland, Oregon, so much the worse; the government doesn't undertake to pay their railroad fares any more than it paid ours. The allegations of obscenity were based on specified passages in various articles and stories, one poem and the general tone of one story. Advertisements of two books were questioned although the books themselves are printed by a reputable publisher and go freely through the mails.

Since we are renewing our application for the second class mailing privilege on the basis of *this* issue, we are obviously unable to quote the passages questioned. We do not wish even to mention them more specifically, since already a State University has attempted to revoke its contract with one of our contributors whose work was questioned by the post office readers.

Yet in the three months which elapsed since the publication of our May issue we received only one letter criticizing the magazine on this ground and no such criticism has figured in the newspaper and magazine comment which followed our initial publication.

Our second proposition was flatly rejected. The official in charge refused to look at our dummy, declaring emphatically that his department in no sense exercised a censorship but merely interpreted the law which forbids the use of the mails to publications containing obscene matter. Accordingly, we have been obliged to go to the expense of printing this issue, with no assurance whatever that we shall be permitted to mail it to our subscribers.

Pressed for a definition of obscenity, the official with whom we dealt replied that we ought to know what was obscene and what was not; he seemed mildly displeased that we should even think of discussing anything so obvious.

As for us, we think that reticence on such an occasion is both improper and unfair. We have our own definition of obscenity, which we do not hesitate to state, adding that we have never had any intention of publishing an obscene magazine and do not grant for an instant that we have done so.

Briefly, obscenity is a contravention of the current mores of any community regarding the public display or the mention in speech or print of certain parts of the body and certain animal functions. The mores vary in space and in time. The mores of France, Italy, and Spain are not those of England or of America. The mores of America in 1926 are radically different from those of fifty, twenty, or even ten years ago. The human animal remains the same, but public opinion as to what is clean and what is unclean fluctuates widely.

Is there any such thing as objective obscenity? Probably not. It is an idea which has its only reality in the mind of the person who acts, sees, writes, reads, thinks. A very obscure concept, — fear and suppression have much to do with it of course. It becomes a little more understandable if we think of obscenity as essential ugliness — an offense against good taste, against truth and beauty and against nature, granting that one finds in nature the only ultimate truth and beauty. Fear, in this sense, is obscene. Cruelty and brutality are obscene. Greed is obscene. The distortion of a natural impulse into innuendo and veiled reference is obscene. The facts of nature are not in themselves obscene. Nor is there anything obscene in the mind or in the act of a man or woman who faces these facts and expresses them frankly and well in the arts.

The difficulty with the whole fight for a liberal attitude towards painting and writing in America has been that the opponents of the censorship have not heretofore come out frankly and clearly. Our contention is that the vital things about men and women are in

themselves as clean as the April wind or flowers or the purr and glint of a dynamo. Obscenity, smut if it exists anywhere, exists in the furtive attitude that is induced by external repression. Man has enough devils to fight in his own soul without hampering himself with external taboos. The vigorous presentation of these things as they are sincerely felt by men and women is in itself good and desirable. Without it any art becomes a mere academic exercise. The comic rabelaisian presentation of these things, called coarse by the jaded palates and timid wills inflicted on us by a wrong education, is in itself inspiring, desirable and in the highest sense moral. The language of the street-corner, factory, barrack, with all its forbidden words, is less obscene than the scared hintings of the mealy-mouthed intellectuals and the horrified outcries of hired smut-sniffers. It is the furtive attitude that is obscene. We consider that a serious magazine has the right to publish a story, a poem, or a drawing for its intrinsic excellence as a piece of work; because a good piece of work can not be harmful to any man, woman or child who comes in contact with it.

This program we feel we can submit with full confidence to the present and future readers of the *NEW MASSES*. If it rested on their decision we should have no fear for the future. As it is, the life of any publication depends on its ability to satisfy the officials of the post office department. In this matter, they are responsible only to the courts and to make this appeal would involve a long and expensive procedure. Their decisions depend, however, on the attitude of voters generally and of the press. There exists a large body of opinion opposed to the censorship. This is the time for it to make itself felt.

The post office is, of course, not the only censor we have to fear. There are the professional vice-hounds and purity men. Them we will fight with all the means in our power.

We consider that they are working for dirt and for a continuation of the unhealthy attitude towards the important things of life that has so far poisoned this continent. They tend, however well-intentioned they may be individually, to cram future generations back under the yoke of the savage sexual taboos that the men and women of our time, at cost of pretty desperate suffering have almost succeeded in throwing off.

The issue has never been stated squarely. The defense of painting and writing and the theatre has largely been left to half-hearted and mealy-mouthed people who have defended individual highbrow productions but have not stated any general principle which could gain the support of the average man. We believe that this is a question, not of more or less but of yes or no. Do our readers want censorship or not? Now is the time to declare yourselves.



DRAWING BY ART YOUNG

MOTHER. WHEN YOU WERE A GIRL WASN'T IT AN AWFUL BORE BEING A VIRGIN?

THE UNDER THING

By WHIT BURNETT

THE first train in the early morning cutting across the fields and backwash from the bay and scaring the waterfowl was like a kind of living line absorbing little knots of men here and there huddled together in the chill grey of the dawn at the small dark cube frame stations. Roughly clad workmen, mostly, and here and there early houred clerks,—they left their homes before it was light to connect with the first ferry at the rail terminus for San Francisco. At the terminus they debouched in a clattery talky familiar throng, split up jogging along beneath the station shedding. And a few minutes after the train's shrill arrival shrieks, the boat's whistle growled and they were on the water. Whisked by rail. Whisked by boat. Men still a bit sleepheavy and rousing themselves like horses that stumble on strangely in the dark before the defining day.

Among this group was Jerry. Every day before the winter morning greyed over the marshes he saw the train's tiny squares of yellowlight from his board house in the sedgegrass and pulling his black coat around his leathery ears he bent his thin body to its duty. Scurrying across the level grass and water land to the lone frame station shelter. A slumping silhouette of a man hastening after his long red big sad nose that drooped toward his breast like a symbol of all solemnity. At the terminus usually the last to detrain he pulled himself along to the ferrygate in a shuffling hurried longcoated way, sketchily suggestive of the ineffectual and lugubrious. Yet Jerry was not a sad and doleful fellow. He was on the contrary one of the friendliest most approachable fellows alive.

For a good many years Jerry had been going over on the ferry to work in the city but it was only recently since the loss of a man in the store that he had been forced to get on the job so early. This meant taking the first boat. And for several weeks he had had to make the crossing of the bay in comparative isolation. Eye eager. Lonesome. Chilly. Winterblighted. Like the rest cold from the fogs and the rain, he was cheered only by the rather distant warmth of the other men who smoked and chatted together in that goodnatured easygoingness typical of the Westerner. Sometimes near the congenial fellows in the smoking car Jerry borrowed a match and swapped a few words as he bent his nose in the glow of the flame. And then one morning at the Sausalito ferrygate he ran into a man he had met once before casually and the man goodfeelingly called out:

"Hello, Jerry! How's tricks?"

It was Simpson a truck driver for a storage company and he was with two or three other men from Sausalito.

Jerry beamed response, made some reply and pattered alongside the others down the pennedin way to the ferrydeck. Then they shouldered upstairs to the smoking compartment, glassedin, lighted, comfortable. It followed regularly thereafter and by and by Jerry

was accepted, rather unconcernedly as short trip acquaintances are likely to be accepted, and every morning someone or other was sure to say,

"Hi there, Jerry! How's the young fellow?"

The little man brightened. Peering out of his ragged coat collar his black birdlike eyes glistened watchfully above his great bulb nose and the brooding bush of his greyish moustache.

"Great," he said. "Never was better. Ha ha. How's the old kid? Huh?"

He slid himself along the seat fumbling for a cigarette with the rather furtive gestures of a man a little weak as well as old. Then as others were lighting up too he lifted his breastseeking chin from his collar, scanning the doorway with sharp important curiosity and eagerness for later entering others of his "bunch" of which he was now, he considered, one.

There were four or five, sometimes eight or nine, others in this particular group. They too, like the others on the boat, lived in the country and worked in the city. They commuted daily, rising in the night from their beds warmed by their own tired bodies and their wives. Bolted bread, eggs, coffee and rushed off to make the first ferry to work. Homes they had—these clerks, truckers, mechanics, and perhaps a child or two, and proud of their achievements, they looked to the future. Now they all arose earlier than their bosses to get on the job and start things going and at this time of the year the fogs hung low over the bay, white vagueness overhead and a wet glistening underfoot; but you should see the place in the Spring, everything green—lots of flowers and good air, you bet. Nothing like it. Thus they discussed things occasionally. They were not unsatisfied. They slid out on the seats. Jerry slid out legstretching too. A butcher named Kelly with tremendous beefy hands and an appleround face and a very deep boom voice; Simpson a steady sort given to anecdotes and a harmless coda of pomposity; Jackson an aspiring clerk in a San Francisco garage and accessories shop; Anderson a plodding workman who read popular magazines containing much useful information illustrated; and on other seats were others perhaps more expensively dressed as clerks going to open the store or the shop, and here and there a student or so bound for the city and thence for Berkeley reading of primitive man or social theories or geology, economics or the life among animals.

It pleased Jerry to be considered, to know that when he alighted from the train at Sausalito he was going to step casually among men who cried out, "Hi there, Jerry! Shake a leg there, Jerry! You old Skinflint!"

He would shufflepatter through the ticketgate bouncing off with the others and seat himself among them warmed all over. Outside the veil of whiteness wrapped around the ferry. Great sad terrifying wails of foghorns came weeping their banshee notes against the



MOTHER. WHEN YOU WERE A GIRL WASN'T IT AN

cold cold panes. Sometimes in the winter season there were wrecks on the bay, inept landings at the Ferry Building, smashing timbers, stovedin vessels. But they were very infrequent. Your true San Franciscan likes the fog. The little group, glassedin, burrowed into their overcoats, slid out their legs and pulled at their pipes and cigarettes.

"... And," high whined Simpson winding up a story, "there she was, coming down the hill, hellbent for election the parson holding the girl with both hands reins flopping in the wind and when they hit the bottom up went the cart and turned smack over in a ditch and That!! believe ME ended the parson I'll tell YOU!"

"Turned smack over, huh?" repeated Jerry leaning over appreciatively. "Ha ha. Hear that Anderson? Turned smack over! That's a good one. Ha ha ha!"

Simpson rapped his pipe clean. He was slightly nettled. Just the way with that fellow Jerry. Always echoing the nub, sometimes not even the nub merely the last words. Simpson looked at Anderson who was toying with his magazine and then threw a side eyed glance of superiority past Jerry still bending back and forth in good-

humored responsiveness slapping his knee and chuckling.

Kelly's big shoulders expansively filling the glass doorway entered the smokingroom. He pulled out a big pipe, slowly prodded a fat forensic finger into the bowl and wiped a few crumbs off his applepink face. He wore glasses and peered down with them from on high like the leader of a claque.

"Ah there," cried out Jerry with bright familiarity, "ave your coffee, eh?"

Kelly prodding pipe with power concentrate stood.

"Feel better now, eh?" continued Jerry.

"Hi, men." Kelly greeted the group and broadly seated himself, butcher pictures evoking from the mind of a student in a seat a distance off who dropped his head again reoccupied with the phenomenon in print of "pelicans in cooperation," it said, "forming caravans on wings flying over the salt sea water to fresh streams to fetch food in their pouches for the young in their groundlingnests."

Jerry's cigarette died out. A little darkness like the fog settled over his spirit. And he shuffled out with the



DRAWING BY ART YOUNG

IT AN AWFUL BORE BEING A VIRGIN?

bobbing jogging joking hurrying others at the Ferry Building in a thoughtful wondering manner. The trip had not been as it usually was, a warm suspended hour shuttled over with his bunch. He had noticed it dimly for several days. Some of his bunch were inclined to ignore him a little. He boarded the Market Street car with a few of the others. They were laughing talking among themselves. He knew of nothing to say among them. He greeted the conductor who answered business brusquely. And he emerged at his street, hearthheavy as a repulsed wife.

Jerry was not a man to initiate life, to start thought rolling, to tell a story. No one had ever heard Jerry tell a story. Probably he had never done such a thing, so creative a thing in his life. It was not his nature. But he was an eager listener, somewhat like a child despite his years, for Jerry at his sixty-odd was a good many years older and more workworn than the others. His only initiatives were his greetings, his verbal pluckings at the coatlaps of the men, his short wellintentioned queries intouching at their privacy.

And no one minded at first, cer-

tainly none of these independent hard-working struggling fellows. They were goodnatured enough. But just as they had accepted him at first rather casually and without any definite formality, there began to creep over the group a kind of aloofness toward him like the aloofness of older brothers who find that in the midst of very sage conversation they have in their presence one that doesn't quite belong. There was nothing definable.

Sometimes they said,

"Hi there, Jerry."

Sometimes simply almost stiffly with the recognition of their own superior independent selves:

"Good morning."

No one could have explained why this was nor how it had started, whether from some sudden look of pity or contempt shot down from Kelly at the too appreciative little outsider or from some remark of Jerry himself.

But Jerry became aware of the gradual change. No one paid any attention to him. He laughed heartily at the stories, at everyone's stories, their chance remarks even. He did his best. He exfoliated eagerness pitiable from the wrinkled housing of his old

black coat and from his quick black eyes all leather shrouded.

One morning as the others bent together over some topic Jerry, left a trifle uncircled, plucked at Anderson's arm.

"Getting longer, the days, aren't they?"

The big Scandinavian looked around and then full down at the little man's hand, crooked, worn, the roots of things. It rested on his sleeve.

Jerry removed it.

"Yep," he said.

He returned to his magazine.

One day as the group got on the boat Jerry beaming brightly greeted everyone effusively. It was probably his fault he thought. He hadn't been cordial enough of late.

"Hi there, Simpson," he shouted. "How's the old fellow?"

They were walking toward the ticketgate.

"Pretty fair," said Simpson.

"Pretty fair?" echoed Jerry. "Sure you're better than that. You're looking fresh as a daisy!"

He slapped Simpson cordially on the back.

Kelly turned around at the sound, physically alert.

"There's the old skin and bones," he bellowed. "Darn me if it isn't old Jerry himself!"

Thwack!

Down beat Kelly's broad hand on the bent thin back.

"How's the old kid?"

Jerry bloomed up happily from the blow.

"Like a king! Never was better. Ha ha!"

Proudly he walked in by the others, impressed with a sudden strength.

On the way the clerk Jackson also slapped at the curvedover figure. Then they all sat down. And Jerry was content.

The next day Jerry duplicated his gesture. He slapped Simpson friendly on the back. Simpson turned:

"Hey, there!"

He had forgotten about the previous morning. He was thinking of important selfcentered things. The slap disturbed his thoughts.

He slapped Jerry's shoulder, as a schoolboy might, superficially the same gesture as Jerry's friendly greeting physically expressed. But it was also a reproof.

And jogging up the steps to the smokingroom Jerry's back was slapped many times. Everyone in the group slapped Jerry's back. He bobbed and bounced about receiving attentions from unexpected sources.

It continued into the smoking compartment. When Kelly came out of the boat's cafe and pushed through the glass door, he spied Jerry then sitting quietly, eagerly attentive. Jerry was not smoking at the moment like the others, but succumbing to a curious involuntary movement of the jaws like chewing, a habit of late years. He had few teeth. Kelly paused. Eyes turned up to him.

"Hi there, Mr. Kelly," Jerry smiled.

No answer.

Jerry's back was sore. He rested against the smooth of the seat, his chin upturned from the body heat beneath his coat, his cap sheltered eyes jump-

ing about, small black tired quick of necessity and watchful.

"Say, what's the matter with you?" asked Kelly noticing for the first time seemingly the curious munching movement of Jerry's sunken jaws. "Chewin' your cud?"

Everybody laughed. Jerry laughed too.

"His teeth's too big for his face," observed Jackson.

"Ha ha," laughed Kelly. "Well," he advanced over Jerry, "don't you let 'em kid you, see!"

Faternally, he came down with his driving hand on Jerry's shoulders. A tremendous resounding buff.

"You're all right!"

"Sure, Mr. Kelly," sputtered Jerry. The breath had nearly left him.

The student looked up from a corner. He was reading curious pages about animals again, wolves that destroy weak members of their pack. He looked out on the bay fogless for once, a black suggestion of hills in the distance emerging above the bobbing boatlights on the water.

Later, backed against the rope in front waiting with the others to dock Jerry received more familiar greetings. Dozens smacked his back goodby. His whole form shook.

On the car too still others kept it up.

He was almost glad when he could leave.

"Here's your hole!" cried someone. "So long, Jerry, young feller! See you in the morning."

And he was thwacked off the car into the darkness.

One or two mornings more this went on. Nearly everyone on the ferry now knew Jerry. Nearly everyone slapped his shoulder, many very very hard.

Then one morning the train roared across the sedgegrass. Fowl came up from the water. Sea gull and blue crane butterball and snipe. Jerry pecked his way with his peculiar steps across the marsh. There was a change in his stride, furtiveness now too manifest. He almost stole along. At the train he tried to find an inconspicuous place. It was impossible.

"Hi there, Jerry," somebody shouted. And the fellow nearest rose up and thwacked the cringing little workman on the back.

Jerry smiled, a weak compliance.

"Hi men," he forced the words. His knees were weak.

He shuffled along from the train skulkingly trying not to be seen. He was the last to board the ferry. Above him disturbed in the darkness hungry gulls wheeled about the pilothouse and the tall bare spires of the boat's high flagpoles. And there below for a time he remained in the darkness too, a lone dark figure. He tried to make out for his own benefit that he was enjoying the cold early morning air, breathing fog deeply, inhaling, exhaling. He tried to think of other things. He thought of the Tamalpais, the ferry boat that a few days before had crashed into her slip in the veilly whiteness trying to make a landing and had smashed her prow. He tried to think of people, things, places, himself. But his had been a workbound life downpressed. He knew few persons and he had no interests of impor-

tance. And around his own nature now like a threatening thing hung a sickening blackness. It had hardly crystallized. . . . But he was afraid, weakly afraid.

In the smokingroom Kelly was holding the floor among his group.

"Where's Jerry?" he asked suddenly. "The weasel!"

Nobody knew.

"Hidin' out, I guess," suggested somebody.

Everybody laughed and stretched their legs. Everybody felt important. Part of something superior. He is hiding out from us, thought the clerk Jackson. Anderson picked up his magazine as if in relief. He remembered the supplicatory hand rooting at his sleeve. It was like something trying to crawl up, he thought, some worming earthly thing. He shuddered a little as if the thing had been a part of him, or on him.

"Remember that fellow Harry?" asked Simpson speaking around generally. "He was a case for you, huh?"

"Oh that goosey guy, eh?" said Jackson.

"Yeh. . . ."

Some remembered. They remembered with laughs what a time they'd had with him. You couldn't crook your finger at him or off he'd run or jump. Crazy. Sure he was crazy in a way you know. Funny too. Whistle at him and he'd nearly jump overboard. What had ever happened to him? Nobody knew exactly. Moved they guessed. He'd better have! The conversation disintegrated turned this way and that to business elections and what chances a man had if he could get enough money quick to invest in property where the bridge was going to be built.

"You know," began Anderson, dropping his magazine, "I been reading a lot lately about strikes and revolutions and all that bunk—"

"Bunk is right," observed Jackson.

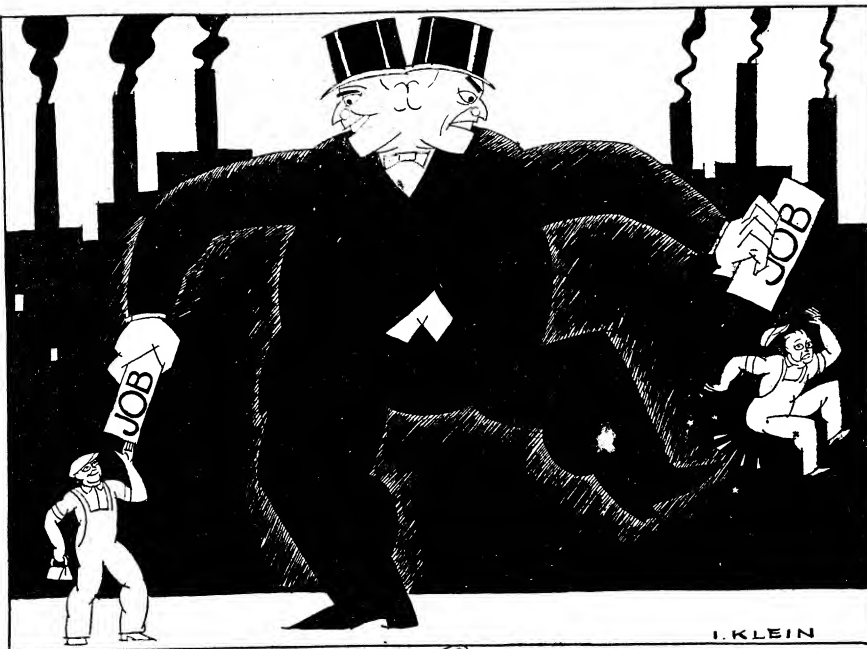
"You know, we're a kind of lucky bunch of stiffies out here in California if you ask ME. Look. Where else can you work outside the year round. Tell me that will you? And put away enough to buy a house on say in a few years maybe and have a garden in the summer? I used to work in the East. Cleveland. Chicago. Brooklyn. I know when I'm well off. I salt a certain amount every Saturday night, if nothing comes up. Believe me when I'm along in years I'm going to know where I stand. I ain't nobody's yesman. Not me!"

"That's right," said Kelly energetically. "Any man that's got the stuff in him, he can do it. Take me for instance. Ten years ago I didn't have a cent. All this talk you read about a guy's not having a chance is bunk."

"That's what I say," said Jackson, bolstering up his hope of advancement at his own place.

The student raised his eyes from his book. He saw them all in their sudden importance with outspread chests like pigeons. A topic dominated them. They felt as they wanted to be, important, independent, erect through their own efforts.

Jerry too could see. He peered into the smokingroom, glassed in heavy in its haze of tobacco. They were talk-



DRAWING BY I. KLEIN

TWO-TIME PAPA

ing about things. He wanted deeply to be in there, a part of them, considered by them, lifted to importance by their big spirits. But he was afraid. He needed them. But something too he sensed. He sensed that their backslappings now were not mere cordialities such as had lifted his spirit and warmed his heart but that the bunch were using him, kind of like they had treated a fellow named Harry Isaacs, a little Jew, whose weakness someone on the boat had accidentally discovered.

There was no such specific weakness in Jerry. He could laugh too at that incident. But, he shivered. The men he wanted to be friends with had curiously turned into his enemies. They had fun with him. He didn't mind fun. No, not just fun. But there was something else. Something mean. Everybody was after him. He couldn't turn. He couldn't be seen but somebody would pounce upon his back. He winced. His eyes were like a small beast's frightened.

But having come in from the foggy outside he was on the verge of entering the smokingroom. The need in him was as great as his fear. He pushed open the glass door and Kelly turned. Their eyes met.

No one spoke.

The student dropped his gaze. Something shamefaced. Confutations. Pelicans and wolves, he thought. Importance so recent; refutation, clutching at a doorframe peering up from underneath for life. Silence. Silence spread out like a thick rug. And then upland upon it ready eager limbs brought into being by a common secret shooing need.

"There he is," said someone.

"Hiding out, huh?" shouted another. "You ain't scared, are you, Jerry?"

"Morning, morning men," Jerry scraped sidlingly.

"Yes, sir!" shouted a young broad-faced fellow not hitherto heard from. He rose up like a storm. "It's Jerry himself!"

The great descending hand piledrove space. For Jerry had fled, white and trembling.

"Bring him back," yelled a voice. "Hey, you, we ain't going to hurt you! Here Jerry, h'ya! H'ya!"

They whistled, called after him as if he were a dog. The whole boat of men took part. It was a funny game. Running about. Looking. Whistling. It livened up the trip. It took them outside themselves, outside the too slowly moving ferry, outside the fog and away from the sound of the wailing foghorns.

The boat's officers paid little attention. The ferry was nearing its slip. It was proceeding with extraordinary, almost feeling slowness, nosing along with hoarse horngrunts, the pilot straining for the location of the crying siren on his slip's outer abutment.

Jerry fear-ploughed forward, down the steep steps, toward the prow. To duck behind an automobile if he could. Perhaps even hide inside one on the lower deck. He was blinded with fear. While he stumbled hesitant against the rope that prevents the crowd from surging out too far on the open deck, a precaution to prevent accidents at docking, someone upstairs spotted him. Three or four leaped down the steps and others too came flying after, strange lurching figures running in a pack.

Jerry dodged. Under the rope. Out onto the barren ropedoff deck, glistening in the fog wet. The men halted. The little longcoated figure trembled.

"Come off there, you ape!" bawled one of the men. "You don't belong out there."

Silent pale the little man stood rigid.

"You'll get hurt there," yelled another. "Come here!"

Jerry brought his knees together. The gesture was strange, almost impressive. His bent neck straightened. And his shoulders went back.

And then, nosing in, the ferry missed her slip and struck. Staggered figures caught themselves and with an instant ripping crack of sound the starboard flagpole toppled, stark, more cleanwhipped than a naked tree.

And in his solitary gesture of defiance it struck along the deck of the

ferry, laying a finger of censure on the crumpled form of a man.

It ended the chase. Jerry was dead. And one or two of the fellows suddenly frightened out of their superiority and independence, unaware of why they had plunged after the unhappy cringing little man, stayed on at the morgue near the Ferry Building until the arrival of Jerry's "folks." No one had known anything about Jerry. They found he was a kind of underjanitor though then and had a mother. She was old but no older, they agreed, than one would have figured out. It was all an accident, everybody knew. . . . She had a pursed mouth as of one on the continual verge of decision but, since it had been held in such a tentative position for years until little lines ran like dry creekbeds to the drier arroyo of her mouth, it was to be assumed that with decisions she had never actually bothered. Her ankles were thick for so thin an old lady and she walked a little like Jeremiah Sissner, her son, picking them up and putting them down like a dog with sore feet.

And on the boat the next morning as Anderson was reading his magazine, Kelly thinking now and then of what would be the margin of profit since yesterday's rise in beef on the hoof, and others were deployed smoking and talking about themselves and progress and jobs, someone suggested a wreath from the Boys On the Boat you know or something like that.

"Sure thing!" said Kelly. "Poor little Jerry. He wasn't a bad little guy."

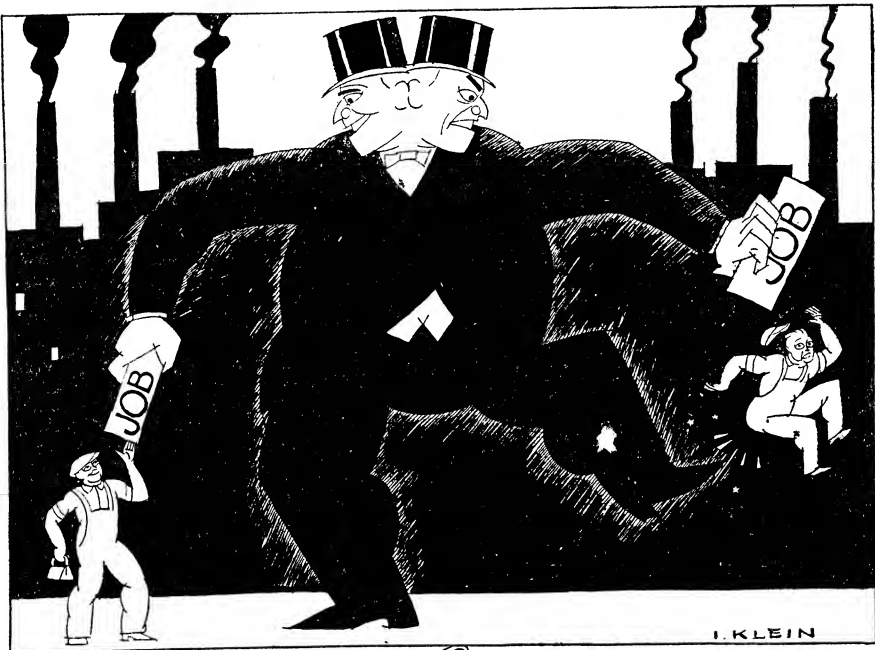
Everyone subscribed, voluntarily cooperating in the plan. Some fell to talking about Jerry. Sure too bad. I warned him, some one said, about standing out there. Sure, said another, partaking of the rebudding superiority. Sure we did. They began to think of individual necessary important matters. And then by and by they settled down again and looked at their watches and stretched out their legs. And once or twice Anderson involuntarily looked up from his magazine with the birth of a selfquestion and stared a little puzzledly at the others around him in the tobacco haze and now and then at the crook of his arm where something once had tugged at it like a hidden thing in the lower darkness of their lives.

PASSAIC

Five hundred thousand workers, through their elected delegates, expressed their solidarity with the textile strikers at a conference held May 29th. One hundred and ninety-seven delegates traveled to Passaic to reaffirm their moral and financial support until the strike is won.

But support is not only coming from the workers. The Associated Societies and Parishes of Passaic and vicinity, a group of forty-seven organizations, religious, benevolent, social, and political, after repeated attempts to get the manufacturers to mediate, announced "We can no longer be neutral. We are with the strikers."

The strike is no longer a local issue. The entire labor movement is looking to Passaic. Money must continue to come in. The strikers' children must be taken care of. The strike must be won.



DRAWING BY I. KLEIN

TWO - TIME PAPA

STRIKE! :: A MASS RECITATION

By MICHAEL GOLD

SCENE: A platform with a long table and chairs.

POVERTY, a gaunt woman in rags, with a strange white face of hunger, comes slowly on the platform. She sits down in one of the chairs.

WEALTH enters next, pompously, a fat gross figure like a capitalist, with a sensual mask.

Music may accompany each of these figures as they enter.

WEALTH (*gruffly*): Who are you? Were you invited?

POVERTY (*calmly*): I was not invited.

WEALTH: Why present then?

Go, ragged woman.

POVERTY: I am Poverty, your sister. I go where you go.

WEALTH (*furiously*): Lie, lie, lie! Poverty is not my sister.

POVERTY (*calmly*): Greed is our father.

WEALTH (*shouting*): Go, ragged woman.

I will call my dogs.

POVERTY (*coldly*): So have you always answered me.

With your soldiers and police.

A MAN FROM THE MASS (*solemnly*): We are suffering.

A WOMAN: Our children hunger.

CHORUS: Give us bread.

(No response from WEALTH. He has turned to greet four DIRECTORS, capitalists, fat and rubbing their hands. They come and stand about the table.)

DIRECTORS (*skipping gaily and clapping hands in a childish dance around WEALTH*): Good morning good morning, good morning!

God's in his heaven,
Dollars on earth,
All's right with the world!
All's well, all's well!

WEALTH: Let us pray, gentlemen. (They pray with folded hands, and lifted faces.)

DIRECTORS: Give us this day our daily cake, our daily lobsters and champagne, our nightly chorus girls and cabarets. For ours is the power and glory on earth. Forever and ever, Amen.

1ST DIRECTOR (*frowning heavily*): But who is this ragged woman?

2ND DIRECTOR: She is positively not a member of our Board of Directors.

DIRECTORS: No, no!

1ST DIRECTOR: In rags.

2ND: Common.

3RD: Needs food.

4TH: A failure.

1ST: Who is she?

WEALTH: She is Poverty.

She wishes to speak

To the Board of Directors.

DIRECTORS (*angrily*): Poverty? Can't be!

1ST DIRECTOR: Imposter.

2ND DIRECTOR: Illegal in America.

3RD DIRECTOR: Her own fault.

4TH DIRECTOR: She should save her wages. Thrift.

1ST DIRECTOR: To the hoosegow.

Poverty is criminal. We are respectable.

WEALTH (*sneering*): You have your answer, Poverty. Go, not a word here!

(Poverty rises with dignity, and goes to other part of platform, where she stands with folded arms.)

MAN IN THE MASS (*deeply*): We are suffering.

WOMAN: Our children are cold.

GIRL: We cannot live.

ANOTHER MAN: Our sun has set.

ANOTHER WOMAN: Who will listen to us?

CHORUS OF BASSOS: Night on the workers, night on their houses.

CHORUS OF SOPRANOS: Yet we must live.

TENORS: We must live.

CONTRALTOS: We must.

BASSOS: We must.

CHORUS OF ALL: We must, we must, the workers must live!

(The DIRECTORS pretend not to have heard. They fuss with papers and documents they take from their pockets, and sit down at the table in unison.)

WEALTH (*standing as chairman*): Gentlemen, as chairman of this annual meeting of the Board of Directors

I beg to report our corporation has had a most profitable year.

DIRECTORS (*pulling out little American flags and waving them*): Hurrah! A most profitable year!

CHORUS (*solemnly*): We live in darkness.

WEALTH: We can report an increase in profits

Of twelve million, seven hundred thousand
Eight-hundred forty dollars and nine cents.

DIRECTORS (*as before*): Banzai! Banzai!

Eight-hundred forty dollars,
And nine cents.

CHORUS: Who will listen to us?

WEALTH: Many new machines were installed,

Many improvements made,

We glitter with efficiency for the new fiscal year,

Our engineers are modern heroes.

DIRECTORS: Viva! Viva! Modern heroes!

CHORUS: Our children have no bread.

WEALTH: And we look to an even more successful year.

The nation is booming, booming, gentlemen,

We have captured many foreign markets,

America is king of the world.

DIRECTORS: Hoch, hoch! Viva. Banzai. Hurrah.

King of the world.

CHORUS OF WOMEN: But the toilers cannot live.

CHORUS OF MEN: Night on the toilers, night on their houses.

WEALTH: And in conclusion, in order to insure even greater profits,

I would seriously recommend, gentlemen,

That we cut the wages of our workers

Ten Per Cent.

All in favor say Aye.

DIRECTORS (*leaping to their feet, and prancing and shouting in a delirium of joy*): Aye, aye, aye. Hurrah!

Ten Per Cent! Ten Per Cent!

Yachts, strings of pearls!

Chorus girls, Florida holidays!

Ten Per Cent! Ten Per Cent!

Champagne! Charity! Rolls-Royce!

WEALTH (*shouting*): The vote is carried.

(They go out, embracing each other in drunken joy.)

WEALTH (*a last triumphant shout*): The world is ours!

DIRECTORS: Ten per cent. Hooray! (There is a dead silence after they leave. Poverty steps slowly to centre of platform.)

POVERTY (*solemnly*): Ten Per Cent. Words of fate.

Words of hunger and death. (Pause.)

A WOMAN (*tearfully*): A cut in wages is a cut at our lives.

I work in the mills by night, my husband by day.

Yet we cannot live.

CHORUS: We cannot live.

A MAN (*bitterly*): Cheap shoes, cheap clothes, cheap houses,

Cheap common food our lot.

A straw on a stormy sea

We have clutched at our wages.

Now the bosses unclasp our fingers. We will drown!

CHORUS: We will drown. (Pause.)

MAN (*desperately*): Can we bear it? I cannot bear it.

FOREWORD

The writer witnessed several examples of the Mass Recitation in Soviet Russia, where, as in Germany, it is greatly popular with the workers. Immense and dramatic as the revolution itself, Mass Recitation is one of the most powerful and original forms developed in the struggle for proletarian culture. It is art that has grown out of the workers' life and needs; it is useful art.

Mass Recitation is like great oratory; it is a valuable weapon for propaganda and solidarity. I have tried to write a Mass Recitation here for the needs of American workers, and I hope other proletarian writers will experiment in the form, and workers' dramatic groups produce their experiments.

I will describe one, using my own effort as the most available example for discussion. Let it be remembered, however, that Mass Recitations are meant to be acted, not read; like most plays, the dramatic values come out in the acting, not in the reading.

To begin with, no tinsel stage or stage settings are necessary; the rough bare platform of any ordinary union hall or meeting hall is enough, is the most fitting stage, in fact.

About thirty men and women are needed in the following Mass Recitation. As indicated, they are scattered in groups or as individuals through the audience. Except for those who take the parts of Capitalists, Police, etc., they are dressed in their usual street clothes; they have no make-up on, there is nothing to distinguish them from their fellow-workers in the audience.

This is what makes a Mass Recitation so thrilling and real. The action in my recitation commences on the platform, with POVERTY speaking; suddenly from the midst of the audience a group of men workers chant; then a woman stands up and shouts something; then a group of girls in another part of the house.

The audience is taken by surprise; they cannot guess who may be sitting next to them; they are kept on the *qui vive* as from this corner and that corner, perhaps from the quiet person next to them dramatic voices are lifted and workers like themselves rise to shout passionate slogans or to storm the platform. The audience is swept more and more into the excitement all around them; they become one with the actors, a real mass; before the recitation is over, everyone in the hall should be shouting: Strike! Strike!

A Mass Recitation needs a good director, very careful rehearsals, and an exact sense of spacing and rhythm. The lines must be chanted, not spoken; in clear full sculptured tones, each word as sharply defined as a rifle shot. What Maierhold calls "poster-declamation." No hurry; the vowels strongly emphasized. Mass recitations are delivered in the heroic style.

Above all, no individualism; the director must find the rhythm of the whole recitation and discipline each word and each actor to the general plan.

It means hard work, but it is well worth it, from the revolutionary standpoint. For here is a form that is probably the purest example yet evolved of what is meant by that still emerging and indefinable thing called "proletarian art."

Mass recitation is group art; any outcropping of individualism would ruin it in production. It is proletarian; because only revolutionary themes are intense and effective enough to be used; and because only proletarians can deliver a mass recitation; professional actors would seem silly in one.

I hope that others will experiment in this heroic form for American workers. Let us write Mass Recitations, let us use this fine weapon for workers' solidarity!

Suffering is heaped up in me like
gunpowder.
Bring no match near.
I cannot bear it! (*Pause.*)
CHORUS: We cannot bear it.
(*Pause.*)
POVERTY: Ten per cent.
Scorpion draining the breasts of
mothers.
Leech sucking men's blood.
Ten per cent—bread for workers.
Now diamonds for bosses. (*Pause.*)
MAN: I will not bear it.
I came to America for freedom,
But I am slave to a machine.
A WOMAN: My baby is ill.
And no one cares.
AN OLD WORKER: After a life of
toil,
I die tomorrow
In the poorhouse.
So shall you all end.
CHORUS OF SOPRANOS: Is there no
joy for us,
No spring for youth?
CHORUS OF TENORS: Is the blue sky
for bosses,
The world for the rich?
CHORUS OF BASSOS: Something must
be done.
A MAN: Our hour has come.
CHORUS OF CONTRALTOS: Something
must be done.
CHORUS OF ALL (*with deep convic-
tion*): For the workers must live.
(*Pause.*)
(*A woman rises.*)
POVERTY: Defeated woman worker,
Speak!
WOMAN (*feebly*): We are so weak,
we workers.
Too huge our fate.
What can be done?
Let us submit.
CHORUS OF WOMEN: Shame!
(*A man rises.*)
POVERTY: Defeated man worker,
Speak!
MAN (*feebly*): Old and defeated,
I shall die in the poor-house.
How can I struggle?
Let us submit.
WOMAN (*fearfully*): For bosses have
judges.
MAN: Bosses have police.
CHORUS: Shame. (*Pause.*)
WOMAN: Bosses have wealth.
MAN: Bosses have church.
CHORUS: Shame. (*Pause.*)
WOMAN: Bosses have newspapers.
MAN: Bosses have government.
CHORUS: Shame. (*Pause.*)
WOMAN: And we have nothing.
MAN: And we are so weak.
WOMAN: We are life's victims.
MAN: Yes, let us submit. (*Pause.*)
CHORUS: Shame, shame!
POVERTY: For the workers must live.
(*Pause.*)
CHORUS: We must, we must, the
workers must live!
(*Defeated man and woman come to
platform, stumbling and pitiful, and
moaning like lost sheep.*)
MAN AND WOMAN: Defeated, de-
feated!
Lost, lost, let us submit!
Who can help the workers?
Only God can help.
Let us pray.
(*One is at each end of platform, and
they kneel.*)
MAN AND WOMAN: Our Father,
which art in heaven, give us this
day our daily bread. Forgive us

our trespasses, as we forgive those
who trespass against us, for—
A YOUNG LEADER IN THE MASS:
Shame!
MAN AND WOMAN (*timidly*): For
Thine is the power—
YOUNG LEADER: Shame! Ours the
power!
BASSOS: Ours the power!
A GIRL: And ours the glory.
SOPRANOS: Ours the glory.
(*Pause. Defeated man and woman
look about them timidly. They start
to mumble their prayer again, but
are interrupted.*)
MAN AND WOMAN: Forever and
ever—
YOUNG LEADER (*rushing to platform,
and shouting in powerful tones*):
Up from your knees.
He will not help us.
We must help ourselves.
(*Man and Woman rise from their
knees.*)
MAN: Then what's to be done?
WOMAN: Are we not weak?
CHORUS: Something must be done.
YOUNG LEADER (*springing on plat-
form*): Strike!
CHORUS (*repeating confusedly*):
Strike? Strike?
DEFEATED WOMAN: But bosses
have police.
YOUNG LEADER (*sternly*): Strike!
We fought in their war.
Workers have no fear.
Strike! Strike!
MAN AND WOMAN (*leaving plat-
form*): But bosses have judges.

Bosses have wealth. Bosses have
all. We have nothing.
YOUNG LEADER: Strike!
Workers have each other.
Who moves the wheels?
CHORUS: We move the wheels.
YOUNG LEADER: Strike!
Stop the wheels
And profits stop.
Who are the masses?
CHORUS: We are the masses.
YOUNG LEADER: Strike!
Stand together in masses,
In solidarity,
And the bosses are beaten.
Who owns the world?
CHORUS: We own the world!
YOUNG LEADER: Strike!
Strike for the world.
Strike for the new.
Strike for the future.
Strike, strike!
CHORUS (*at full power*): Strike!
Strike! Strike!
(*Wealth appears, puffing and
angry.*)
WEALTH (*screaming*): Sedition!
Who shouts Strike!
CHORUS: We shout Strike!
WEALTH: You were contented till
he came.
Mad dog, traitor.
Do you know who he is?
CHORUS: He is a worker.
WEALTH (*screaming*): He is an Agi-
tator!
CHORUS (*greeting this with ribald
laughter*): Ho, ho, ho! Strike!
Strike!

WEALTH: Arrest that man. (*He
whistles and police appear.*) Ar-
rest that Bolshevik! (*Four bur-
lesque policemen surround the
young leader. Pause.*)
YOUNG LEADER (*boldly*): Arrest me,
but hunger is not arrested.
Arrest, me, but low wages are not
arrested.
Strike, strike!
WEALTH: Take him to prison.
(*Four young men and four young
women come up to platform, while
chorus chants—*)
CHORUS: No, no!
EIGHT YOUNG WORKERS (*coming
on platform and speaking with
deep menace*): He is our leader,
Do not attack him,
Bone of our bone,
Son of the masses.
A YOUNG WORKER: Release him at
once.
(*The police stand back.*)
CHORUS: This is our leader.
Voice of the masses.
Bone of our bone.
WEALTH: Do you defy the law?
EIGHT YOUNG WORKERS: Yes.
(*Close in around the leader with
joined hands, leaving the cops
outside the circle.*)
1ST COP (*moving off*): G— d—, no
law and order!
2ND COP: G— d—, too many to
be clubbed!
3RD COP: G— d—, the country is
ruined!
4TH COP: G— d—, let's git the
tear gas!
CHORUS (*jeering*): Boo-oo-oo!
Scabs! (*The cops disappear.*)
WEALTH (*mad with rage*): Our
judges will jail you.
Our papers revile you.
CHORUS: Strike!
WEALTH: Your women will weep.
Your children starve.
We will teach you, we will teach
you,
America is mine!
CHORUS: Boo-oo-oo! Scab, scab,
scab! (*Wealth escapes amid the
booing with grotesque gestures of
rage. Pause.*)
POVERTY (*taking leader's hand*):
Voice of the toilers,
Son of the masses,
Lead us to victory,
Too long have we suffered.
YOUNG LEADER (*solemnly*): Here is
my heart's blood.
My dreams and my manhood.
Faithful I march with you,
Into the new.
FOUR YOUNG MEN (*on platform*):
The masses follow you.
FOUR YOUNG WOMEN: The masses
love you.
CHORUS: The masses arise.
YOUNG LEADER: The masses will be
free. (*Pause.*) Strike!
CHORUS: Strike!
On to victory.
MAN'S VOICE (*angrily*): Too long
have we suffered.
WOMAN (*fiercely*): Ten per cent is
death.
BASSOS (*triumphantly*): Dawn for
the workers.



A DRAWING

BY LEONARD SCHEER



A DRAWING

BY LEONARD SCHEER



OTTO SOGLOW
DRAWING BY OTTO SOGLOW

FER THE LOVE O' MIKE! HOW CAN YE KEEP A DACENT HOUSE WITH SICH UNTIDY NEIGHBORS?

SOPRANOS (*heroically*): Struggle and victory!

POVERTY (*joyously*): Strike, strike!

YOUNG LEADER: Strike!

EIGHT YOUNG WORKERS: Strike!

CHORUS: Strike, strike, strike, strike, strike!

(*They shout this to a climax, but while the male section is shouting this rhythmically, the women break into the last part of the chorus of the Internationale.*)

'Tis the final conflict,
Let each stand in his place,
The Internationale Party
Shall be the human race.

(*The whole audience rises, and the male part of the chorus starts the beginning of the Internationale:*)

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation—
(*There are rhythmic shouts of Strike, Strike scattered all through the singing, and timed dramatically.*)

The End.

ABD EL KRIM

BRIAND and his friends can sleep easy in their beds in Paris from now on. The estimable and whiskered M. Steeg can sleep easy in his bed in Rabat. All the concessionaires can sleep easy in their beds. All others in authority, wherever they are, will find their pillows a little softer. Mohammed ben Abd el Krim, who for eleven years has led the resistance of the five Berber tribes of the Riff, has surrendered. Automatically a half million peasants and shepherds from free men living by their own hard immemorial law will become *indigenes*, servants in the subcellar of the European pyramid, *bicobs*. From the meager A. P. despatches you can't yet make out how that surrender came about so soon after Abd el Krim's rejection of the French terms at Oudjda. Probably a lot of money was spent on the minor chiefs.

For two years these mountaineers, fighting mostly with the guns and ammunition they captured from the Spaniards, have kept the combined armies of France and Spain at bay, and have caused untold worry to all the governments whose business is keeping the Mahometan peoples of the world in a proper state of subjection to European capital. The real victory lies with Malvy, the martyr of the world war (who it now comes out did not even have the distinction of being the lover of Mata Hari) who put over a deal with the Spaniards by which the French in return for their help against the "rebels" should get all the juicier Riffian mining concessions. Indeed, already there is a smell of carrion in the air and the other nations are getting restless, so that there is a chance that a new conference of powers signatory to the Algeceiras agreement will

be called to redécide the status of northern Morocco. A fine hatching-place for wars that'll be.

Mohammed ben Abd el Krim himself will probably be sent to join the museum of deposed monarchs on the Riviera. I suppose all in all his career merely proves that you can't buck the system, even relying on tribal habits of anarchy and independence that withstood the systems of Carthage and of Rome and of Mahomet. Still it is a hard thing and painful to see one of the few remaining spots on the earth's crust where people have the manhood to fight for their liberties—for their ancestral servitudes if you want—trampled down into uniformity. Abd el Krim and his brother Sidi Mohammed were brave men who have given back a little glamor to the tarnished word patriot. The world is no richer for their defeat.

John Dos Passos



OTTO SOGLOW
DRAWING BY OTTO SOGLOW

FER THE LOVE O' MIKE! HOW CAN YE KEEP A DACENT HOUSE WITH SICH UNTIDY NEIGHBORS?

EVENING IN A LUMBER TOWN

By MERIDEL LE SUEUR

FOUR streets in the lumber town, run from the lumber mills on the bay, between sunken houses, and end abruptly where the forest begins. The sound of the mills, grinding and screaming, . . . the mill fires never stop except on every seventh day on the Christians' Sunday. At dawn the men go down these streets to the mills and come back at twilight stooping a little. In the evening the night shift men leave the houses and in a steady, living stream move towards the mills.

The half sunken houses—the rain seems to rust and the elements to torture them—lean with the wind and sink into the hard, black northern loam. Within them I see large women moving; from them comes a living odor such as animals produce, an odor of flesh, of dark, human stench interiors. The door slits are blackened by human touch, the wood is worn over the thresholds by the passing of very heavy feet. In the shadow of a porch a woman sits, her face lifted in a kind of idiocy of poverty. Three more women with broad faces like cows sit far back close to the house, half hidden by the dark foliage, their faces are distorted and swollen. This life of excessive labor has marked them. Children run from the doorways and play and scream along the streets.

The very young children are not so violent. They smile shyly, with naive peasant grace. Two little boys edge up to me, their heads are shaved, round as bullets, they wear black shirts. They seem like animals come to sniff at me, to look at me from out their bland stricken little eyes, and then at last to come and stand without embarrassment in front of me, looking at me very serious. A little boy with smooth poll and bright bland face, bright but uniformly pale, runs by with a dog, turning his elongated face to me as he runs backward, disappearing in the dusk.

Poverty is grotesque. It is violent and abnormal. These faces are the faces of nightmare. This scene is the dark, half mad back-ground of a Goya. Poverty is like a violence producing a terrible dwarfing of nature.

Two young girls, with wide toothless mouths and shaggy hair which leaves their pale faces encased, witch-like, come down the walk beneath the low trees, giggling, they lean upon each other. Their sharp faces have a senseless look, the senseless look that endless labor breeds into the faces of women. Their dirty aprons hang against their bare legs; their bodies beneath are slim and crooked, with a warm odor like little animals.

The houses, now darkening quickly, seem to have become alive with swarming children. Their faces peer out of the gloom, sharp and wizened. They run and flutter past me. Very small children run like rats through the dusk, scurrying across the streets, crying out to each other, and running upon each other in a wild play, half mad and vicious, striking each other down. A boy with blood on his mouth gets up from the path and runs through the

gloom screaming. Small eerie faces with cold inhuman eyes, misshapen heads—these are children conceived in a brawl and delivered by hags.

A man slams the door of a house after him and walks out into the street. He is lean and intense—one of the

younger men. He walks with his lean stark face thrust forward. There is a terrible kind of beauty in his face, the spare tragic beauty that is moulded by the terror and horror of necessity.

Now the whistle screams. Now the workmen come from the mill, down the streets close together, huddled together. Their black loose clothes are all alike. Like a dark moving mass they come shuffling along heavily, heads lowered, arms hanging, their dark half-drunken faces thrust out. They look

drunk, drunk with a deadening concentration. There is the unnatural flush and sullenness of drunkenness. Their concentration is the concentration of themselves against everything, against hungers and terrors . . . and hourly fears. It is a hard combative identity in them. . . .

Six of them come down the street now close together, moving together like a pack, swiftly and silently, all in black hanging clothes, heavy with perspiration, dark faces under low



DRAWING BY PEGGY BACON

THE LITTLE JUMPER DRESS



DRAWING BY PEGGY BACON

THE LITTLE JUMPER DRESS

caps, walking side by side, slouching; all alike; all with small pails, sullen faces, their eyes like the eyes of beaten animals. They come swiftly and darkly down the narrow street from the mill.

A great fatigue seems to pull them down from the chest towards the ground, towards the center of the earth. The younger a man is the less he carries the mark of that fatigue. The older a man the more he moves in that slouch, his great hands hanging in front, his head bent from his curving back. The younger men look almost drunk with the sullen combative fever, but in the elders there is less of that fever in the eyes. The older men have given in, and in giving in have escaped a little.

Three men exactly like the others come from the far end of the street, walking together, their heads bent as if all were listening to the same sound. They come up to me and pass me, veering a little from their path. I see their faces quite close—the dead look, the humble half-comic look. I think a queer thing as they pass me. I am shocked at first by such a thought. Then it seems quite natural. I think that they remind me of Charlie Chaplin. He may be a wag but he says a great deal about these men, about the exigencies of poverty, the humiliation, the tragic, comic pathos. The shoes, the trousers, the shy defenceless attitude,—all Chaplin's, in the best sense, terrible comedy.

The street is dark now and confused with the moving of this dark stream of men, huddled, moving together toward houses. The sound of the saw mills seem to increase as the sun sinks. With night the very young men come out boldly upon the streets, lean as wolves. A young girl with an orange scarf around her neck sidles by.

Still the dark men go silently and swiftly, a living stream. Now that I can no longer see them their odor drifts with the other odors. Their large bodies approach, loom, pass me and disappear. There is something bare in them. They are kept close to life, close and intimate to life with its raw hungers. In them is no self consciousness. They do not celebrate their being. They adhere so closely to the terrible, natural things that they are impersonalized, nullified. There exists in them the unconscious vitality of those hungers they live by. Genius might spring from such men, from such spare soil—genius too is born of such stark necessity, a humble necessity, a despair. Despair and humbleness make good ground for hardy growth. Pov-

erty humbles a man low so that nature has her way with him. By her hungers she pulls him to her so he does not forget he was born of her. She keeps him her child. Life here is kept to the bone and the marrow. No excess consciousness, only the blindness of necessity.

To be bound by hungers is beautiful but to be bound by physical hungers only is too low a state for man. But if, going beyond these physical hungers, one could keep this closeness to the need and its fulfillment, still adhere simply to the hunger and its exact satisfaction, life would be purer.

These men have the dreadful simplicity of their physical hungers. For they are dreadful. They live too near the bone. Tragedy is their meat. Defeat is their wine. They are crucified and hung on the black tree of necessity. They die before they are born, and their living on the earth is a black death.

They go home into dark, intimate houses. There is no song and no gaiety. They sit within their close, dead houses. Their women do not laugh. They, the men and women, sit large and silent in the low hanging houses.

It is not a bad town. The houses are not bad houses. They are good houses, made of wood; but they are unkempt. Something in the houses has died, and the houses die also. Their people live too close to a menacing reality which makes houses of no consequence. Pride and possession is gone from them. They are afraid of the luxury of pride or they have no energy for it. These are bare houses without a flower . . . with bare ground before them.

I wonder if they have any pomp about death, whether there is anything beside this acceptance in their giving up to death—if they have any consciousness of death, or if they are stark and bare without excess in death too.

They must above all like to die together. They move together in life so swiftly, so silently. They must shuffle into death much as they shuffle to work. They must have a living satisfaction in dying together in mines and factories because in life they are always so close together. One of these men, going to work alone, or dying alone, might stop and think. Isolation so startling would start the germ of revolt. . . .

I have seen the faces of men, stiff and proud, already glistening like minerals, dying together as they work, swiftly, huddled against each other and silent.

HARVEST MOON

(To an Armenian Orphan)

The red moon in the night,
The red rising moon
Is the torn and cast away breast
Of a woman,
Torn and thrown into the byway.
The stars are the tears
She poured out in an instant.
Perhaps it is the breast, the moon is,
I sucked to open my eyes with.
Perhaps it is the breast
Of my sister
With whom I bathed in the same tub in the sun
When sunshine was plentiful.

Leon Srabian Herald.

THE FILING CABINET CHRIST

By LILLIAN SYMES

At last, at last, at last, religion has been brought up to date in America. It's been made as efficient, as peppy, as business-like as Standard Oil itself. There will be a four million dollar skyscraper church in our fair city soon, and the bond selling campaign is now on.

I went to interview the Rev. Dr. Go-Getter, the modern John the Baptist of the filing cabinet Christ.



DRAWING BY ROSE PASTOR STOKES

His office is jammed with golden oak desks, huge filing cabinets and littered tables; noisy with the rattle of typewriters. Three young go-getters stand around a city map, discussing prospects, percentages, and good selling points. They don't look like old-fashioned Christians, and they aren't; they're high-power bond salesmen.

An earnest young lady is typing at a fiendish rate. On the wall above her is a print of Hoffman's "Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane." Opposite on the other wall is a portrait of General Pershing, looking hard-boiled and very American.

On the third wall of the office is a framed motto in bold-face:

**ALL THINGS COME TO
HIM WHO HUSTLES**

The interview was for 10:30 but I had to wait till 11 o'clock.

"Dr. Go-Getter is in conference with some contractors," said the secretary. "Perhaps you'd like to glance over our prospectus for the new temple."

I did so. It's a good little prospectus. It tells about the sacred skyscraper, the dizzy city of God that will include a hotel, apartments, restaurants, cafeteria, library, gymnasium, swimming pool, playground, yes and business offices—yes, and even a church.

"Refusing to allow the house of God to be dwarfed by a city of skyscrapers, the Temple will rise 26 stories high and will raise a lighted cross within the vision of 8 million people. It will furnish concrete and irrefutable evidence that the retreat is over and that the forward movement is at last

on its way. It will fertilize the arid spiritual soil of a great American city. The pastor is to be helped by a "Strong, Official Board of Fifteen Prominent Business Men." Just so.

And all of it a sound investment, dear brother in Christ. Gold bonds bearing five per cent interest. Can't we induce you to sign the dotted line, fellow-sinner?

The Rev. Dr. Go-Getter buzzed his bell and I was sent into his monastic cell. He's a big tall genial optimistic snappy happy well-fed man, a man who has read widely in the magazines, and evidently uses a certain advertised soap which imparts to one the "Clear and Compelling Gaze of a Big Executive."

Also he has read the Bible, and tries to convey the impression of a shepherd of spiritual flocks. It's a funny combination, and must be a strain on him at times.

"You wish to interview me about the Temple? No? Oh, I see, a symposium on Moral Turpitude, and your newspaper wants my views. Yes, that's a subject near to my heart. I can talk about that.

"The clergyman's attitude—the religious attitude, may I say?—is also the pragmatic one. Morality works—immorality does not. Morality pays—immorality does not.

"Work, service, loyalty, sobriety, monogamy—these make for success and happiness and are the foundations of the American home. Drinking, jazzing, petting, free love—these make for the social chaos of Soviet Russia. Simple, isn't it?

"We no longer ask of conduct, Is it wrong? but Is it efficient? Does it work? And it is because religion makes for the highest efficiency that religion pays.

"The modern girl—ah—with her rouged lips and cigarette-stained fingers—ah—she has lost her beauty—ah—the ineffable charm that spells success to womanhood, ah.

"In fact, real beauty comes only to the woman who has been kissed by the sunshine that shines from the heart of a loving God, ah—"

I staggered forth to the elevator. This was too much. Were they going to include a beauty shop also in the Go-Getters' Skyscraper Church? I could almost see the sign—

TEMPLE BEAUTY SHOPPE

To-day's Special Offer
The Sunlight Kiss
from

The Heart of a Loving God.

Sure to Banish
Wrinkles
Sagged Muscles
Inefficiency and
Atheism.



DRAWING BY ROSE PASTOR STOKES

ARE THE JEWS A RACE?

Are the Jews a Race? by Karl Kautsky. International Publishers. \$2.50.

For many years anthropologists, rabbis, Zionists, and collectors for Jewish charitable organizations have pointed to the Jews as an example of race purity. They have talked about mighty races crumbled to dust, and Jews, unchanging, persistent. Too persistent, according to anthropologists like Sombart. And here comes Kautsky, knocking this eminently respectable theory into the limbo of ethnological myths along with the "pure" nordic.

Kautsky's approach to his subject is, of course, not "purely" scientific. Race-consciousness among Jews which finds its expression in Zionism runs counter to internationalism. Ergo, Kautsky exhumes biological arguments to prove that the Jews are not a race—a procedure not without precedent.

His argument runs something like this. Race traits depend upon environmental conditions—upon climate, configuration of the soil, amount of sunlight, technological and social changes introduced by man, etc. These acquired traits are hereditary, and in conjunction with race mixture, lead to the constant creation of new races and to the disintegration of the old. Constant flux and transition, constant contact with new races and new environmental conditions, have made the Jew an intricately mixed race. Many Russian Jews, for instance, are descendants of Tartars or Slavs converted by Jews who migrated to Poland and the Ukraine.

Inductively, Kautsky finds that there are no characteristics, mental or physical, that are peculiarly Jewish. He does not even leave the Jew his nose, for he discovers that among 2,836 Jews examined in New York City, only 14.25% have the hooked or aquiline nose. "No race traits can be mentioned," he says, "which can be used as a criterion for the question.

The "Jewish countenance, black hair, flashing eyes, and particularly the aquiline nose, and particularly the criterion, no matter how outspoken these traits may be, for they are also found, as we have seen, among non-Jewish races. Furthermore, they are found among a small fraction of Jews themselves."

The ease with which the Jew adapts himself to his environment makes his participation in the international class struggle a simple and inevitable affair. A national movement like Zionism declares Kautsky is therefore a reactionary movement which prevents the Jew from merging with other peoples. It segregates the Jew, and makes of Palestine a world-ghetto. This and the obvious difficulties that confront the transplantation of urban Jews, most of them intellectuals, to an undeveloped country, are Kautsky's objection to Zionism.

Kautsky supports his contentions with an impressive array of fact and scientific verbiage.

Kautsky's conclusions seem plausible—though many of them are based on the assumption that acquired characteristics are heritable, an assumption which most biologists do not accept. What is more important than their plausibility—a minor consideration in ethnological matters—is their acceptability. Do they flow with your preconceptions and prejudices? They do with mine. They harmonize with my sociological preconceptions. As an amateur revolutionist, I believe that the salvation of the Jew lies in an "earnest participation in the world-struggle of the proletariat," and not in chauvinistic experiments in Palestine.

The book is copiously annotated, and contains references to more detailed works for the interested reader. Kautsky manages to be scholarly and interesting. His direct vigorous style is calculated to captivate the lay reader.

Harry Freeman

MIDDLE CLASS MOTHERS

Woman's Dilemma, by Alice Beal Parsons. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. \$2.50.

Much sound and fury has been spent in the battles of feminism. Mrs. Parsons blithely ignores such trumpetings, and the dogmas and moralisms that have sent up the emotional fireworks from both camps. She examines with frank common sense the slight array of scientific data on woman as a human being, and then proceeds to set these facts against the economic panorama to see why women are such as they are, and whether or not there is any reason to suppose that their minds, bodies and activities are fixed immutably by reason of their sex.

It takes no sage to predict the answer to that broad question. The merit of Mrs. Parsons' direct and informal discussion of it is that she has not been content with generalities, but has tracked down their specific applications through the withering details of

American family life. Granting that only women can be mothers (as only men can be fathers) Mrs. Parsons finds no data to support the contentions that a female human creature is so differently constituted in mind or body that she must be relegated to a female sphere. Historically she has contributed to family support by her labor in the home: so did men, until a relatively few decades ago. But the turn of the economic wheel which sent fathers out into factories is now bearing heavily on the mothers. Many women have followed by choice, or willy-nilly, to take up a working life which is not circumscribed by the so-called home. Is it necessary for us to continue to think of these women as "sports" in the biological sense, social anomalies, to be pitied or scolded, or can we so shift our thinking that it will square with the facts, and that a woman who works in an office away from home will be regarded as no

more reprehensible than a physician, who may, by reason of convenience, carry on his work within the four walls of his house, or a chef, who follows the (acceptedly) feminine art of the cook-stove? Too many feminists have set up the alternatives of home or work for women, without realizing that such a choice is a luxury of the upper classes, and that for the ninety-and-nine there is work with no alternative save as to place, and the choice a forced one, determined by the need for the greatest return.

Such a revolution in the economic function of women—trailing behind it a whole array of psychological and emotional upheavals—cannot be accomplished without a pretty fundamental re-organization of social life. The second part of Mrs. Parsons' book is given to a discussion of such a modification of traditional home life. Here the author's enthusiasm seems to have carried her into rosier lands than are found by women who are following out her principles. What happens, to raise one prickly point, when the working woman's children are sick—not desperately ill, but sniffly, or measly, or just indisposed enough to keep them from the admirable solution of the nursery school? How does the working mother manage her shopping—when shopping calls increasingly for discrimination and study, as the sources of supply become more complex and

remote? The only answer I can suggest is "as best she can," and that is not so good.

Many of the solutions which Mrs. Parsons suggests are utilized at present by working mothers who have luxury jobs—jobs, that is, in which the carrying of responsibility is more essential than the continuous attention that machine-tending would require, so that an emergency can call them home without serious interference with their work. And even so, for many of them, the solution of their family problems has been more largely economic than rational—by working away from home they can earn enough money to hire a back-stop at home to pitch in on the emergencies which make the chief *raison-d'être* of the middle-class mother. Some of these difficulties are, of course, the special problems of a transition period, and the special hardships of pioneers. The whole adjustment, however, seems more difficult than Mrs. Parsons leads her readers to suppose. Such a difficulty is not an argument against the shift of women's work from the home to the shop, factory and office. That shift is as inevitable as the transition from hansom cabs to taxis. But it is an argument for much careful, unbiased study and experiment along the lines which Mrs. Parsons has drawn so clearly and so gaily.

Mary Ross

BILLY CRADDOCK IN ROME

O, the swallows and the swallows
Against the sky of Rome;
And my heart follows
Away back home,
To the P Ranch on the Blitzen
And the swallows in the air.
Take me back into the desert,
To the big, wide quiet there:
Irrigation-ditches,
Slender poplar-spires,
Lifting to sunrise and to sunset
Shafted golden fires,
Wind across alfalfa-fields,
Sweet as a honey-hive;
I am sick of Christs on crosses
And not a Christ alive.
I am sick of men in petticoats
And everlasting bells;
Let me hear the brown sage-thrasher's note,
The bubbles, shakes and trills that float
Where the sagebrush-billows swell.
I am sick of dead men's corpses.
O, the stars above the hills,
The neighing of wild horses
Where the naked starlight spills;
The breath of dawn that blows so cool
Upon the sleeper's face,
And gallop of the Sunrise;
A stallion in a race.
No candle-smoke and images;
No perfume in the prayer.
Only the listening desert
And the unbreathed desert air.
I am sick of many churches
And the fairy tales they tell.
The ranches, O, the ranches,
And a good, clean chance at Hell.
What to me, by day or night,
St. Peter's wart of a dome?
Squaw-Butte can knock it out of sight,
Away back home.

Charles Erskine Scott Wood.



DRAWING BY LOUIS RIBAK

I SEE THE COMPANY'S GOIN' TO RAISE THE RATES TO THE TUNE OF NINE MILLION.
SURE! WHY NOT? DON'T I NEED A NEW ROLLS ROYCE?

TRADE UNION MILITANTS

Left Wing Unionism, by David J. Saposs. International Publishers. \$1.60.

Since the days when Bill Foster while "knocking about Europe" picked up the idea of boring from within, down through the spring nights in 1920 when he lectured on the subject at the Rand School,—indeed, up to the moment when the July number of the *NEW MASSES* went to press, a frenzied controversy has raged as to the correctness of his view. It's been a stormy debate from the start. The casualties have been heavy. Some who agreed with Foster in the earlier days have since fallen out with him. They speak meanly about him—or patronizingly, "Too bad about Bill. He had the right idea. But he hung himself when he took up with them Reds." Some will tell you, in a confidential whisper, that Bill had the works in his hand, that the throne of Sam Gompers was tottering—when, overnight, the founder of the Trade Union Educational League went nuts, sold out to Moscow, and left all his \$75-a-week business agent sympathizers in the

lurch. "It was a pity," they murmur.

Just how all this happened—or didn't happen—is told in a timely and temperate book by Dave Saposs, our American Webb. He follows the radical unionists from the days of the immigrant German socialists down to the last editorial edicts in the late 1925 issues of the *Daily Worker*. He provides a careful and scholarly perspective on all the splits, wings, borings,—within and without—lefts, rights, centers, amalgamationists, DeLeonists, I. W. W.s (three chapters—if you want the latest and wisest words on the wobblies), opportunists, T. U. E. Lers, and all the others who have appeared on the trade union and radical stage at one time or another since unionism began on this continent.

The author wrestles manfully with the dual unionism problem, and makes some clear distinctions between "idealistic" dual unions—the kind the radicals used to form in order to wipe the A. F. of L. right off the map—and "opportunistic" dual unions. The latter have grown chiefly out of the A. F. of L.'s "concept of union jurisdiction." In the cotton industry, for

example, certain unions like those at Fall River and New Bedford withdrew from the United Textile Workers (A. F. of L.) for the grand and awful reason that its per capita tax was too high! On the other hand, the late lamented Amalgamated Textile Workers with which this reviewer was associated in adolescence, was organized primarily by idealistic men and betrayed local unions, heartily disgusted with the reactionary policies of the old line union. These two types of unions are dissected in a scientific manner by Brother Saposs. In his last chapter he predicts that in spite of Foster, the new school of anti-dual unionist reds, and the rest of us who are shyly repentant for certain adventures in the "new unionism," the breed is likely to persist and multiply. His argument runs about as follows:

The reds will be repeatedly kicked out of the respectable trade union residence and won't be able to crawl back in even through the pantry window. Therefore, they will have to keep on building separate shanties in the back yard—like the I. W. W., now so nearly gone to wrack and ruin. . . .

I think this argument is weakened considerably by recent events in the

needle trades unions where expulsion has been decisively defeated and the expulsionists given a sound thrashing; some of them even cut down in the fray.

Saposs cites a second reason for the "persistence of dual unionism." The unorganized, as in Passaic, will be unionized through the voluntary spade work of the left wingers who have every good intention of leading these new elements into the regular trade union fold. But the sergeant-at-arms at the door of the labor temple won't let in such brilliant young militants as Weisbord. They look too impudent, too fresh, too disrespectful of hoary heads and ancient pass words. So what will the Weisbords have to do? Form a new union—a sad, reluctant, but necessary alternative.

We see no answer to this argument. We do know that the young militants sincerely want to get into the regular, established, authorized, bona fide, legalized, kosher, one hundred and one per cent labor union movement. The next few years will decide whether the green but willing masses they lead are to be kicked off the front porch of the A. F. of L. or whether—some miracle will happen.



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Just how all this happened—or didn't happen—is told in a timely and temperate book by Dave Saposs, our American Webb. He follows the radical unionists from the days of the immigrant German socialists down to the last editorial edicts in the late 1925 issues of the *Daily Worker*. He provides a careful and scholarly perspective on all the splits, wings, borings,—within and without—lefts, rights, centers, amalgamationists, DeLeonists, I. W. W.s (three chapters—if you want the latest and wisest words on the wobblies), opportunists, T. U. E. Lers, and all the others who have appeared on the trade union and radical stage at one time or another since unionism began on this continent.

The author wrestles manfully with the dual unionism problem, and makes some clear distinctions between "idealistic" dual unions—the kind the radicals used to form in order to wipe the A. F. of L. right off the map—and "opportunistic" dual unions. The latter have grown chiefly out of the A. F. of L.'s "concept of union jurisdiction." In the cotton industry, for

example, certain unions like those at Fall River and New Bedford withdrew from the United Textile Workers (A. F. of L.) for the grand and awful reason that its per capita tax was too high! On the other hand, the late lamented Amalgamated Textile Workers with which this reviewer was associated in adolescence, was organized primarily by idealistic men and betrayed local unions, heartily disgusted with the reactionary policies of the old line union. These two types of unions are dissected in a scientific manner by Brother Saposs. In his last chapter he predicts that in spite of Foster, the new school of anti-dual unionist reds, and the rest of us who are shyly repentant for certain adventures in the "new unionism," the breed is likely to persist and multiply. His argument runs about as follows:

The reds will be repeatedly kicked out of the respectable trade union residence and won't be able to crawl back in even through the pantry window. Therefore, they will have to keep on building separate shanties in the back yard—like the I. W. W., now so nearly gone to wrack and ruin. . . .

I think this argument is weakened considerably by recent events in the

needle trades unions where expulsion has been decisively defeated and the expulsionists given a sound thrashing; some of them even cut down in the fray.

Saposs cites a second reason for the "persistence of dual unionism." The unorganized, as in Passaic, will be unionized through the voluntary spade work of the left wingers who have every good intention of leading these new elements into the regular trade union fold. But the sergeant-at-arms at the door of the labor temple won't let in such brilliant young militants as Weisbord. They look too impudent, too fresh, too disrespectful of hoary heads and ancient pass words. So what will the Weisbords have to do? Form a new union—a sad, reluctant, but necessary alternative.

We see no answer to this argument. We do know that the young militants sincerely want to get into the regular, established, authorized, bona fide, legalized, kosher, one hundred and one per cent labor union movement. The next few years will decide whether the green but willing masses they lead are to be kicked off the front porch of the A. F. of L. or whether—some miracle will happen.

Still another fact supports the author's contention that dual unionism may flourish among us for some time to come. So many independent unions of all sorts and sizes already clutter the field, and are loathe to lose their identity. The reds cannot force them to leap lightly back on the A. F. of L. band wagon. Some of them had very substantial reasons for getting off it. So the reds will have to work quietly within them attempting to push them all toward some sort of amalgamation. This is a patience-taxing process, and dual unionism will have to be sanctioned, in fact if not in theory, while it continues during God knows how many years.

Laborites with a complex against radicals have often complained to me: "Why don't these here reds get out and organize the unorganized and leave our unions alone?" One answer to this complaint is, of course, that most of the reds are in our unions, and not massed in the unorganized provinces. They must fight for their program in the places where they happen to live and work. Hence the vigorous fight for proportional representation and democratic improvements in the Ladies' Garment Workers and the Furriers' Union during the past twelve months. The reds were simply tackling immediate problems in their own shops before setting out to conquer the world.

But they have tackled the unorganized too. Only a fatigued, sour-bellied and thin-skinned, right wing pessimist can deny their drive, their spirit,—yes, and their accomplishment. Those who whine about left wing "recklessness and destructiveness" should not be so blinded by prejudice as to miss the work these militants are doing today in the virgin hinterland—Saposs calls it No Man's Land—of unorganized labor. Not only in their attacks on the menace of company unionism in several industries, not only Weisbord in Passaic, and no less effective leaders in Lawrence, but dozens of tireless and unfrightened left wingers who are quietly at work in the great electrical, automobile, and rubber factories. In scores of plants between Newark and Detroit these pioneers of trade unionism are doing a real job. They print and distribute dozens of scrappy shop periodicals dealing not with pie in the sky—or theses in Moscow—but with the day-to-day problems of the workers. These shop papers are the answer of the wide-awake, progressive workers to the soft soap and swill dished out in the more than 500 "employee magazines"—edited by and for the company—now issued in American industrial establishments. The worker-edited shop papers not only show up the hypocrisies of the employers' organs, they meet the workers' grievances at the very "point of production."

In this connection it may be remarked that many of the leading spirits in the company unions are those who, a very few years ago, called themselves tolerant, constructive, healthy-minded "socialists." They were so "decent" and "tolerant" that they finally tolerated and then embraced the employer's economic theories as well as his paternalistic practices.

They now sneer at the militants who attempt the seemingly impossible job of attacking the big corporations with all their union-undermining propaganda devices.

Thoughtful labor union leaders, "students of the labor movement," and lay members of the community, after reading this book by Dr. Saposs will, it is hoped, be moved to revise certain preconceptions and rationalizations which the author knocks into a cocked hat; such as the following: That immigrants can't be organized. That the



DRAWING BY PEGGY BACON
COMIC STRIP ARTIST

reds are nothing but union disrupters. That union secessionists are embittered Bolsheviks. That socialists of the pre-war age were gracious gentlemen and never never used ugly epithets against their enemies. That the union label is strictly a high-minded effort to end the sweat shop. (p. 106.)

Brother Saposs sounds the need for a real rousing old-fashioned—or new-fashioned—trade union militancy to inspire the unorganized and semi-organized to shake off the capital-and-labor-are-identical stupor which the employers' welfare offensive has produced in the past few years. In these days of "personnel administration" with its group insurance, pensions, stock ownership, benefit associations, safety committees, service pin societies, etc.—ad nauseum—it is good that a critical volume like this has appeared pointing out some of the shortcomings of the trade union movement, and helping us to find a way out of the muck and mire of middle class aspiration into which many of those who once called themselves radicals, have wandered. And those on the side lines who merely want to know what lies back of Passaic—of Weisbord and Ben Gold, et al—may well sit at the feet of Dr. Saposs and drink deep of his wisdom.

Robert Dunn.

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FREE THE TWO-YEAR-OLDS

Education and the Good Life, by Bertrand Russell. Boni & Liveright, New York. \$2.00.

Mr. Bertrand Russell arises from his study of the intricacies of the atom and the mysticism of logic to stroll into the nursery and there look into other mysteries equally profound, in the interesting persons of his two youngsters.

He comes back to write a book, *Education and the Good Life*, packed with good sense and shrewd observation. He sets out with the very English theory that character building is the aim of education and then takes four characteristics which he says "form the basis of an ideal character: vitality, courage, sensitiveness, and intelligence."

The rest of his book he devotes to the educational methods for making these qualities common. Like all modern educators he concentrates on the child between two and six years of age.

"By the time the child is six years old, moral education ought to be nearly complete; that is to say, the further virtues which will be required in later years ought to be developed by the boy or girl spontaneously, as a result of good habits already existing and ambitions already stimulated. It is only where early moral training has been neglected or badly given that much will be needed at later ages."

He proceeds to discuss fear and its overcoming, play and fancy, truthfulness, punishment, sex education and so forth. He is strong for the nursery school which cares for children from the age of two onwards. He pours hot shots into the Freudians, though accepting much of their theory. "I do not believe there is, except in rare morbid cases, an *Oedipus Complex* in the sense of a special attraction of sons to mothers and daughters to fathers," he says in one place and again, "Some

psycho-analysts have tried to see a sexual symbolism in children's play. This, I am convinced, is utter moonshine. The main instinctive urge of childhood is not sex, but the desire to become adult, or, perhaps more correctly, the will to power." There will be much thundering on the left of the modern educational movement when this gets around. Particularly among those who would render to childhood the things that are children's and refuse to regard the youngsters as "potential" anything.

With customary gallantry Mr. Russell tackles the most fascinating and most controversial of subjects and is at times delightfully inconsistent. What he is doing of course, is helping blow up still further that old capitalist derelict, You-Can't-Change-Human-Nature.

"A generation educated in fearless freedom," he says, "will have wider and bolder hopes than are possible to us, who still have to struggle with the superstitious fears that lie in wait for us below the level of consciousness. Not we, but the free men and women whom we shall create, must see the new world, first in their hopes, and then at last in the full splendor of reality. The way is clear. Do we love our children enough to take it? Or shall we let them suffer as we have suffered? Shall we let them be twisted and stunted and terrified in youth, to be killed afterwards in futile wars which their intelligence was too cowed to prevent? A thousand ancient fears obstruct the road to happiness and freedom. But love can conquer fear, and if we love our children nothing can make us withhold the great gift which it is in our power to bestow."

A grand, brave book this, a guide-book for all those on the road to freedom.
McAlister Coleman

WHAT PRICE SERIOUSNESS?

All the Sad Young Men, by F. Scott Fitzgerald. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, \$2.00.

Mr. Fitzgerald is young, he can write, and he is bitten by something that looks like an artistic conscience. It is the somewhat uncertain labor of this conscience that constitutes the chief interest in his latest collection of tales, in which he appears both as a frankly commercial mondaine in the world of letters and as a kind of artistic demi-mondaine, more sinned against than sinning.

Is an artist born serious—that is to say, born an artist—or can he be the labor of observation and thought, achieve seriousness? Mr. Ring Lardner, to whom the volume is dedicated, was born serious; born with a ruggedly individual point of view which makes him an artist even when he is writing hasty sketches for newspaper syndicates or unctuous burlesques for Liberty. There is some original salt in Mr. Fitzgerald too, but its flavor is not yet entirely convincing. Meanwhile it looks a little as if he were temporarily mak-

ing use of somebody else's seriousness—a seriousness derived from the respectful study of excellent literary models. It won't do, and probably Mr. Fitzgerald is unconsciously aware that it won't do. The only thing that will do, is Mr. Fitzgerald's own seriousness, which may come to him suddenly some day while he is en route on one of our fashionable commuting trains between those twin parvenu Paradises, Suburbia and the Ritz which he still covertly respects.

When that great moment comes, maybe Mr. Fitzgerald will throw Great Neck out of court altogether; at least he will stop playing the heavy moralist on a stage peopled with spiritual children. The trouble with Mr. Fitzgerald's people is that they are neither beautiful nor damned. They are just damnably unimportant. The Great Neck pastures are far from green. The men get all heated up about business and about keeping up with the Joneses. The wives, if these sociological records are accurate, are pestiferous little parasites who don't deserve the unconscious



DRAWING BY PEGGY BACON

COMIC STRIP ARTIST

tribute or respect implied in the slap-on-the-wrist which Mr. Fitzgerald, representing Public Opinion, gravely extends to them. Rags Martin-Jones, the exquisitely irresponsible millionairess, may be beautiful, but I don't believe it. And I can't get excited, morally or otherwise, just by reading about cocktails.

I do believe, however, that the people in the Baby Party are exactly as Mr. Fitzgerald has described them, and

he has made it an excellent story. I believe also that The Rich Boy is a Sad Young Man, but he doesn't interest me as much as he does Mr. Fitzgerald; he would, however, if the analysis were carried one step farther. Mr. Fitzgerald, using his native and acquired seriousness and his very considerable technical abilities, will probably take that step in his next volume. At least he seems to be heading that way.

James Rorty

SPAIN ON A MONUMENT

Virgin Spain, by Waldo Frank. Boni and Liveright. \$3.00.

The retablo behind the high altar in a Spanish church is a voluminous and gilded and pedimented edifice with a central group of figures and tiers of statues of saints in niches on either side. It seems to me that in this book Waldo Frank has painstakingly constructed a retablo of Spain against a background of history books. In the center in the Virgin's place is his portrait of Isabella la Catolica. Ranged in rows on either side are the saints and martyrs each in his appropriate niche, Don Juan and the Knight of the Doleful Countenance, the Celestina and the Picaro, Santa Teresa and San Juan de la Cruz, El Greco and Velasquez, Torquemada and Loyola, Unamuno and Ganivet, Belmonte and Picasso. The plan is architectural, the carving is competent and thorough, but for some reason that I can't make out, the figures are rather lifelike than alive.

Perhaps it's the drapery, all these voluted bookwords, these mystical philosophic terms that obscure the outlines. (Perhaps they are merely over my head.) But I can't help feel that this psychological phraseology, so popular with all the *serious* writers of our time, is mere ornamental verbiage, like the swirling drapery on baroque sculpture where all the lines ingrow to a short circuit. The result is that this highly wrought work is a mere library piece, a static elaborate monument. You open the door and look at it, you go over the details, you nod your head sagely, mutter, *Yes, that's quite true*, and go away with your brain splitting with murky, contorted, and highly charged phrases and wonder why so fine a show should leave you so unsatisfied.

In the first place there's no factual information in it that you couldn't find in the New York Public Library. That in itself is depressing to me, who find a fact, say that the little dogs of Ronda have two curls in their tails, always more enlivening and worthwhile than the most elegantly balanced pyramid of abstract ideas. I suppose the aim of such a book is rather to give you the intellectual and emotional background that will make you understand a fact when you come across it. The real ground for objection, then, is that these particular abstract ideas are not useful. The framework of Waldo Frank's retablo is academic, rather than real. I mean that it belongs to a reality that may once have existed but that events have relegated to the storeroom.

There is a place in Madrid called the Ateneo, an antique and dusty and extremely convenient library where the people who hung round the university

and the writing professions used to gather to hear lectures and chat and look up books of reference. It was the only library I've ever seen where you could order tea and coffee in the reading room. I used to work there because it was the warmest place I could find that winter. In spite of the excellent coffee, the Ateneo had a peculiarly depressing smell of decaying concepts and amiable dead liberalisms. It was a museum of extinct scholastic monsters. I wonder if Waldo Frank didn't write this book there.

But even the gloom of the Ateneo was cut by an occasional shaft of light from the street, so much so that the Directorate sent the police down to close it up.

Virgin Spain is Spain seen through the not very often washed windows of the Ateneo. Some of the details, within the limits of the library, are excellent. The description of Seville, for example, as a pagan goddess leaning on the Giralda: "She stirs her head and her arms in a half somnolent, half ecstasied dance, seeking her own image in the water." The description of gypsies dancing, the account of the Jewish mystics, of Queen Isabella, of the building of the Escorial, of the life of Cervantes, of the matriarchal principal are pithy and reveal very first rate understanding. The explanation of bullfights is the best I've ever read.

But I can't understand how Frank came to leave out all the confused and confusing tragedy of the Spain of our day, the gradual collapse of bullfights before football, the influence of the Rio Tinto British-owned mines, the bloody farce of the Moroccan war, the Jesuit control of the railroads, the breakdown of Catalan syndicalism, of the agrarian movement in Andalusia. These things are as much Spain as Philip IV and the Old Cathedral at Salamanca and much more important to us at the present moment.

I don't mean that such a book, a book that aims to construct a well-proportioned ornate frame for the classification of facts, events, experiences, accidents, should give us the latest news; but it should at least not ignore the whole tangled welter of industrial and working class politics through which Spain, the immaculately conceived immaculately conceiving Lady of Elche, is being tricked, seduced perhaps, into the howling pandemonium of the new world, where in a copper mine or in the assembling room of the Hispano-Suizo, she may be brought to bed of a birth less immaculate, but as portentous for us poor devils on street corners in America, as any of the child-bearings of her mystic past.

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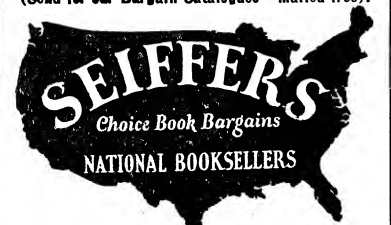
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THE STORY OF THE
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BY JOHN HERRMANN

IT was something like this although I don't think I could ever tell it the way he told it. You see he was just a nice old fellow then, sort of quiet, you know how they get, but nice, sort of gentle. And he used to tell stories about the time when he was a kid. You see he was born, not exactly poor white trash, but down in Missouri and you can imagine living in that country what it would be. That was quite a while ago because he was only a little boy then, just a little boy and he's old now; no, not really old, but pretty well along. You know that country down there is just flat and no fences and no trees to speak of, but it was about a pencil, this story. I think it's a really good story.

My father had always wanted a real pencil, a lead pencil, and they used those slates then and slate pencils and he always wanted to have a real lead pencil. You can see how that was in Missouri and just in an old house, dirt floors. This pencil was a thing he wanted very badly.

Well they used to send the corn to be ground up down the road, a long way to the miller. My father was a little fellow then and they would put him on top of the horse and the bag of corn. A big bag with the corn in both ends just thrown over the horse, you know how that would be, so it balanced. Well, then they would lift him up on the horse. He was so small, you see, he couldn't climb up, so they lifted him up and he sat on the horse and the bag of corn and went down the road to the miller's. The road just went along through underbrush and no fences or stones or anything like that.

He was way down the road when he was looking down on the ground and saw a big, long lead pencil. That was just what he had been wanting. He stopped the horse and looked down at the pencil. It probably was dropped there by somebody in a buggy going past there before he went along, and it was a good long one and just the thing he wanted. You can imagine him looking down at that pencil. You see, he couldn't get down from the horse because he couldn't get up again. You see, they had to lift him up and at the miller's the miller had to lift him up when he brought back the corn ground up. So he stopped there a long time just looking down at the pencil and thinking maybe somebody might come along, but there were so few people going on those roads then that there wasn't much chance of anybody coming along to help him. So he sat there a long time looking down at the pencil.

Then he went on to the miller thinking maybe it would be found if somebody happened to go along the road. When he got there, to the miller's, my father asked him if he wouldn't just as soon go back about four miles down the road and lift him off the horse and back on again. The miller asked him what he wanted him to do that for and when my father told him it was a lead pencil the miller just suddenly

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burst right out, laughing at him for asking such a thing. You can see how he would. Well, my father had to wait there until the corn was all ground up and then the miller lifted him up on the horse and the sack with the ground corn in it at both ends that way and he started back down the road towards home and he wanted to hurry up as much as he could so he made the horse go fast. He was afraid somebody might have come along and got that pencil.

Well he got back there and it was there right where it had been and he stopped the horse again and looked down at it and then down the road and then up the road because there might be somebody coming along even if not many people ever did go that road because there weren't many people living around there. It was quite a while ago too and in Missouri. You can see how it would be. He just looked down at the pencil and there weren't any fences or any rocks around or any trees, just that underbrush and it was a long way home. He never could have climbed back up on the horse so he just sat there looking down the road and up and at the pencil for a long time like that. He looked at the pencil and saw how good and long it was and it had a rubber on the end just like he wanted. So he sat there a while longer looking and then he turned and started the horse and went down the road home, you can see how that would be.

**OF WHAT ARE THE
YOUNG FILMS
DREAMING?**

ALL these things have their own beauty, are thrilling in their own way with the shock of immediacy: the poetry of steel, bridges straddling our broad rivers, ugly, skyscrapers leaning against a metallic sky, the straight streets of the city that thrust into the logical and rigid patterns of our days. Also deserving honorable mention: subway trains that split a tunnel into streamers of flashing lights, ramming terrifically into space, the Los Angeles treading air over against the golden cock of the Heckscher Building, fire engines whose screaming sirens frighten all traffic stiff. Infinite variations of infinite rhythms, vertical and horizontal dynamics, the terror of speed eliminating time-space, the wonder of our world in motion made significant for us through the artist's eyes.

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THE NEGRO AND ECONOMIC DETERMINISM

¶ As much as any other minority group, the American Negro is a victim of the economic class struggle.

¶ He is burned, lynched, exploited and segregated—relegated to a position of the utmost spiritual and material servitude. Yet there is no more promising group, artistically, than the American Negro. Through his songs and dance, music and poetry, he is making incredible steps forward. His is an art-mite destined to color the whole range of the American aesthetic experience

¶ If you would keep in touch with Negro activity—whether in industry or the arts—there is only one way to do so, and that is by subscribing to

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order, new and super-forms, consciously, can be created.

This it is that the young films are dreaming of, to use Etienne de Beaumont's charming title for his extraordinary movie which the Film Associates presented upon the occasion of their second program. It should be sufficient to add that Man Ray was photographer. Here was wonder, certainly, the wonder of texture, of light and shadow, of all our sensuous world as the first man might have seen it in the morning of our earth. Here, too, was the wonder of the complex rhythms of our motor day, speed magnified intensely by the camera into a humming, whirling pattern, the warp and woof of whose intricate weave were the ordinary ships, trains, automobiles we see every day through our too ordinary eyes.

Of what are the young films dreaming? asks Etienne de Beaumont and answers with this picture which I hope will be repeated next season that many more may see the beauty of its photography, the imagination of its arrangement and the logic of its form.

Edwin Seaver.

CHAPMAN'S HANGING

(Continued from page 7)

then they brought him to the death chamber just a step and he didn't have any time when he got inside. He looked up at the noose and grinned and mumbled something, and they clapped the hood down on his head, and at the same time another guard was fixing the noose, tightening it, you know what I mean, and then something . . . the warden stepped on a plunger—God, I never saw anything like that. . . .

The sucker jumped in the air about twenty feet—just like that, like a shot out of a cannon, and lunged there quiet a moment, and then he began to shiver, you know, like clothes on a line.

Then down he comes almost to the floor, his feet clear of the floor, and hangs there, while the boys keep on writing. Then two doctors came over, the prison doctor was Batty, H. P. Batty, he applied a stethoscope to his heart and nodded and the other doctor also pronounced him dead. The room was well lighted, yes, and there was nothing that would get you at all until the undertaker came in with a basket that looked like a clothes basket and when they lifted him in head first and his legs dangling out, having seen him alive a few minutes before . . .

Yes, he was cool. He just looked up at the noose and grinned and mumbled something, nobody heard what he said, and then they put the hood on his head. . . .

He was cool.

Guilty or not guilty, it is over now. Relief. Finality. Form. Purgation. Exhilaration. Joy. It's over, and they can't touch him now. If he was better than any of us, he's done with now. If he was innocent, he's better off than he was. If he was guilty, he died like a man. Everybody's glad. The stories come easy. Everybody bumps into each other, good natured. Have some coffee. For Christ sake take a sip of coffee.

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You've heard about the BIG PASSAIC TEXTILE STRIKE of course. Well, IT'S STILL ON!

With squared shoulders and straightened backs the 16,000 strikers heroically enter each day's skirmish, their hope for victory forever on the increase.

They know, *and you should*, that Passaic and Bayonne, Bethlehem and Akron are all *one* problem—the organization of the millions of unorganized workers, the BUILDING OF THE AMERICAN LABOR MOVEMENT!

Rockefeller, Gary and Goodyear have joined the Passaic Textile Barons in prayer. Each day they take a squint at the textile strikers' battle front and whisper to god "It's thumbs down!"

They KNOW that a workers' victory in Passaic will spell farewell to their union-smashing, open-shop offensive, will turn the tide in favor of an aggressive, militant campaign to ORGANIZE THE UNORGANIZED.

We take it for granted that you do not share the prayer of the bosses. You've undoubtedly long ago voted for victory for the Textile Strikers. BUT HOW A

STRIKER'S VICTORY WITHOUT BREAD?

Now that the daily echo of the clubs of cops upon the heads of men, women, even children strikers, has reached your ears for nearly six months, we think it HIGH TIME that you reach for your purse and empty it for the undernourished Textile Strikers' Children, the thousands of strikers' families that need bread.

So dig down deep into your pocket! We'll take your last dollar unabashed! *Yes, even if you have given before!*

For, given the choice as to whether *you* shall eat, or the Textile Strikers' Children shall eat, we vote that *you* shall go hungry!

You've got to GET INTO this BIG STRIKE. You must help the Textile Strikers win a living wage, build a union.

50% of the Textile children are undernourished and undersized.

Death from tuberculosis among married women in the card rooms of the textile mills is 323% greater than among women who do not work in mills.

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TWO WORLDS PUBLISHING COMPANY
500 FIFTH AVE., Suite 405-8, NEW YORK

Edited by
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